

The Sketch



C. HENTSCHELS

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SIXPENCE.



MISS GRACE PALOTTA

AS THE "CASINO GIRL" IN AUSTRALIA. THE DONKEY HAS A THINKING PART IN THE PLAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TALMA AND CO., MELBOURNE.

THE CLUBMAN.

Close of the Duke of Cornwall and York's Tour—The Third Year of the War—The late Ameer of Afghanistan.

THE Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York are concluding their very successful visit to Canada amidst the like warm enthusiasm as that which greeted their arrival. The review of the troops on the parade-ground at Toronto brought together over 10,000 men under arms, the largest muster of men ever seen on any one exercise-ground in Canada. The Victoria Cross which was presented to Lieutenant Cockburn by the Duke was splendidly won. Lieutenant Cockburn and his forty men saved the guns at Wyks Vlei by fighting a most stubborn rear-guard action, in which every man engaged was either killed, wounded, or captured by main force. Halifax is the one great town which remains for the Duke and Duchess to visit in their present tour, and then the *Ophir*'s man-of-war pennant will be paid-out to its fullest length, to denote the approaching end of her commission, and the great ship will be at last really homeward bound.

We are now, as we have all been reminded, in the third year of the South African War. All of us have friends who have come home wounded or on sick leave, and every man in Clubland has had opportunities of learning at first-hand what the temper of our Army at the Cape is. "Weary but determined," perhaps best describes the spirit in which the great force in South Africa is carrying out the work of bringing the War to an end.

I never saw the late Ameer of Afghanistan—very few Anglo-Indians, even men who had passed all their lives in India, had—but I heard many tales about him from men who knew him, and I was much impressed by the many-sidedness of the strong man who ruled the troubrous country on the north-west border of our great Indian Empire. In England most people have heard only of the Ameer's cruelties—and he could be diabolically cruel—but there were other facets to his character. He ruled, as he used to say, a nation of wolves, and to the ordinary Afghan death has very few terrors, for he goes every day with his life in his hand. When Ishak Khan raised the standard of rebellion and very nearly succeeded in toppling the Ameer from his throne, the ruler had to give the tribesmen a lesson that they would not forget, and therefore the rebel leaders were put between planks and sawn in half, or thrust into iron cages and hung over the battlements of towers to die of thirst and heat and starvation. The danger of murder and rebellion was always present to Abdurrahman Khan, and an incident in his dealing with an English dentist who went to Cabul illustrated this.

The Ameer received the dentist in open durbar, and asked him there and then to look at his teeth. There was one old stump which was giving Abdurrahman much pain, and the dentist located it at once, and suggested to the Amir that he should take "laughing-gas," and have it out. The Afghan asked what the effect of the gas would be, and, being told, said, "I cannot risk being a dead man for five seconds, much less five minutes," and, with the whole Afghan Court looking on and a regiment of the escort as well, the dentist had to struggle with the difficult stump while the Ameer sat, never moving a muscle. The Ameer was a man of strong common-sense, and this most valuable quality once, if the tale which was told me is true, saved a war between England and Russia. When, after the Pendjeh incident, the Ameer came over the border of his country to meet the Viceroy, there was a moment when peace and war hung on a man's word. The Viceroy told the Ameer perfectly plainly that the Russians had taken Afghan territory, that England had guaranteed him against such aggression, and that the country was prepared to fulfil its pledge. The Ameer sat in the tent and pulled his beard, and then asked for a map of Afghanistan. When one was brought, he asked that the territory seized should be pointed out to him. He traced with his finger the tiny fringe that had been taken, and then swept his hand over the great space that represented the rest of his kingdom. "It is so little," he said at last, "that it is not worth making a great war about it."

The Ameer had a dislike for the restrictions which his position as a feudal Prince imposed on him. He was immensely pleased with the subsidy paid him by the Government of India, for money meant modern rifles and guns, but he never could or would understand why any appeal to the Crown had to pass through the hands of the Viceroy and the Government of India. The Shah of Persia, whom he generally spoke of as "that dog," could communicate directly with the Queen of England, and he, a far more powerful ruler than the Shah, was not permitted to do so. It was to obtain the abolition of this restriction that the Shahzada was really sent on his mission to England, and the poor Prince was not in very high favour with his father when he returned to Afghanistan without having succeeded in his quest. The Ameer had his own little ways of letting the Government of India know that he was not always in a good temper, and it was part of his statecraft to show his subjects on occasion that he was not afraid of twisting the lion's tail; but, on the whole, he was wonderfully loyal to England.

The Ameer had his love-story, and it was rather a pretty one. When he was an exile at Samarcand, he saw and loved a beautiful slave-girl. He had no money to pay for a dower, but he had a strong arm and a fleet horse. With one or two companions to help, he seized the girl from the midst of an armed household and carried her off. He called her "Pomegranate Flower," and she was always his favourite wife and a softening influence near the throne.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Beginning of the Third Year—Boers and Filipinos—"Storm Along, John!"—The Guards and their Muffins—The New Ribbon Decoration—At Richmond Old Deer Park—The London Rugby Clubs—Sunderland Lead—Well Done, Hotspurs!

IT is just two years ago that the War with the Boers began, and as nearly as possible a year since Mr. Kruger sailed with his money-bags from South Africa, and yet the guerilla warfare is still going on. The thing has become chronic, and we have almost forgotten that a War exists, except when something occurs to figure on the posters of the evening papers. But we mean to finish the job properly this time, and, after all, it is not so wonderful that it takes some time to do when we think that the Americans have not yet settled the Philippine difficulty, although they have only the poor little Filipinos to fight against instead of the sturdy Boers, reinforced by half the ruffians of Continental Europe.

I have just been looking at an account of the fighting in the Philippines, and I see that, after the Spaniards were defeated by the Americans, Aguinaldo proclaimed the Philippine Republic in September 1898, rather more than a year before the Transvaal War began. The American War against the unfortunate Filipinos is considered to have begun in February 1899, nearly eight months before the Boer ultimatum, and yet our friends the Yankees have not finished the job by any means, and the Philippines are far from being pacified.

I wonder why we hear so little about this, and why the Continent shows such indifference about the liberties of the Filipinos. The islands are very small, the Filipinos are an unwarlike race, and yet, after more than two years and a-half of continual fighting, the Americans have not subjugated them. I don't think that we have any reason to despair when we consider that the country in which we are fighting the Boer guerillas is much larger than France and Spain put together, and suited in every way for the enemy. "Storm along, John!"

I am sorry for the Guards. Some sartorial genius has now finally abolished the smart little caps they used to wear and has given them all the flabby muffin-caps which the Irish Guards first sported. The old caps were smart but useless, but the new ones are quite as useless and anything but smart. They neither shelter the eyes nor the back of the neck, and look singularly insignificant, as they have to be worn flat on the head, instead of being cocked rakishly over one ear. "Why can't you let it alone?" certainly held good in this case.

Last week, a new distinction or decoration burst upon London. It is a narrow band of ribbon, worn high up round the left arm, and is to be seen pretty frequently in the streets. It signifies that the wearer has been wounded, but by the doctor's lancet, and not by the enemy's bullet. It is the sign of the vaccinated, and brings home to "The Man in the Street," as nothing else could, the fact that we have an epidemic in our midst. I most heartily hope that these bits of ribbon are all that the great majority of us will see of the disease.

The most important Rugby football-match that has as yet been played this season was that decided last Saturday at the Old Deer Park, Richmond, when the Old Merchant Taylors met Blackheath. It was a capital match, and at half-time Blackheath led by a goal to a try. But, in the second half, Hays secured a couple of goals from tries by Raphael and Kent, and the "O.M.T.'s" won by two goals and two tries to a goal.

After this, I should not wonder if Old Merchant Taylors turned out the best of the Metropolitan Clubs. At any rate, now that they have beaten Blackheath, their most formidable opponents are Richmond, who inflicted a tremendous beating on St. Thomas's Hospital; while the London Scottish also defeated a poor Kensington team in most hollow fashion. Old Merchant Taylors are a good side, but they may have difficulties with the Old Leysians, even though the latter were beaten by Rosslyn Park.

With their victory over Sheffield United on Saturday, Sunderland have gone to the top of the tree in Association Football. It was a splendid game at Bramall Lane, and up to half-time neither side had scored. In the second half, Gemmell scored a goal, but neither side could do anything else, so Sunderland won, after a hard struggle, by one goal to nothing. Notts Forest beat Everton by four goals to nothing, and Wolverhampton Wanderers defeated Notts by three goals to one.

At Tottenham, the Hotspurs played a splendid match with New Brompton and defeated the visitors by three goals to one. For the Spurs, Kirwan scored the first goal, and, soon afterwards, Brown scored a second. Just before half-time, Leigh got a goal for New Brompton, and, after the interval, Kirwan again scored. Nothing more was done, though Leigh had a narrow shave of getting another goal for the visitors. The Spurs won by three to one, but the figures do not represent the closeness of the game, which was one of the hottest-fought matches at Tottenham for some time past. But the Hotspurs well deserved their victory.



[Drawn by Ralph Cleaver.]

THE FIRST COVENT GARDEN BALL OF THE SEASON.

(See Overleaf.)

"THE SKETCH" CHAPERON

The Shooting and Stalking Season par Excellence—Irish Deer-Forests—Weddings and Engagements—Clothes and the Coronation—Paris in London—Queen Victoria's Biography.

OCTOBER is *par excellence* the shooting and stalking season. Although many people are coming back to town, partly in order to be present at the various smart weddings which are to take place during the next fortnight and in November, the shooting contingent are now only settling into work, and one hears of parties being given here, there, and everywhere, while in the Highlands deer-stalking finds its ardent votaries, many more women joining in this form of sport than was the case two or three years ago. Stalking is, of course, the sport of the moment on Deeside, though the King, to everybody's regret, has not been able this autumn to often indulge in his favourite form of outdoor amusement. It is probable, however, that the Sovereign will be presently at some of the great deer-drives which are to take place in Mar Forest.

Probably few people are aware that excellent deer-stalking is to be found in Ireland. Lord Ardilaun is the fortunate owner of what is, perhaps, the best Irish "forest," that which belongs to his Muckross estate, and where Lord Portsmouth is just now enjoying the best of good sport. Curiously enough, what is, perhaps, the best moderately sized deer-forest in Scotland, Caen-lochen, belongs now to a minor, little Lord Airlie. His tenant, Mr. H. Tate, has been wonderfully lucky, or perhaps, one should say, wonderfully skilful, for he and his friends have brought down close on forty stags. Apropos of stalking as a pastime for ladies, it may be whispered that your keen deer-stalker views the presence of the fair stalker with dismay, and does not encourage his own wife, sisters, or daughters to join him in this form of sport. Those who take deer-stalking seriously must be prepared to spend hours of patient waiting, often wrapped about in that most penetrating and odious of fogs, a "light" Scotch mist, and, of course, absolute silence is a *sine qua non*. Again, the cleverest tailors have never yet designed a really becoming feminine deer-stalking costume: every section of such a dress must be strictly workmanlike, and also roughest-weather proof, or serious consequences to health may ensue.

Lord Cromer and Lady Katherine Thynne evidently agree with the old saying that "Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing," for, from what I hear, only about a fortnight will have elapsed between the announcement of their engagement and the wedding-day. Several interesting political engagements are in the air, and the marriage season at St. Margaret's may be said to have begun well with the charming wedding of Miss Beatrice Maxwell, Sir Herbert Maxwell's youngest daughter, and Mr. Ernest Walker.

It seems almost a pity that Mr. Herbert Gladstone has not chosen to be married in this same picturesque old Westminster church, where his father and mother were innumerable times honoured guests at like ceremonies. A notable engagement only just announced is that of Lady Muriel Erskine to Lord Ancaster's second son, Captain Willoughby. The heir, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, is said to be one of those elder sons who are also confirmed bachelors. Captain Willoughby, like many another bridegroom-elect, is still at "the Front," so the marriage is not likely to take place till next spring.

A great many well-known women are in Paris just now, ordering, it is asserted by the less kind of their friends, non-British Coronation garments. Be that as it may, two great Paris firms—a jeweller long patronised by King Edward, and la Maison Worth, which latter still retains, especially among old-fashioned people, its *suprême* place in the kingdom of fashion—are setting up in London a temporary joint establishment, and M. Worth will, as far as is possible, employ only English materials. Most of the Peeresses are having their jewels re-set, not so much with a view to the Coronation itself, as to the innumerable great functions which will make the season of 1902 the most brilliant scene since that which followed Queen Victoria's marriage. The official documents issued by the Earl Marshal make no mention of pages or train-bearers. If these are not allowed to take part in the function, there will be much wailing and gnashing of teeth among innumerable young people who thus hoped to take part in the important ceremony.

There is a great deal of curiosity expressed as to who is to be given the onerous task of writing the late Sovereign's official biography. I hear that the King is giving the matter much serious consideration, and that, while the late Sovereign left an immense mass of material practically for publication, it is felt by Her late Majesty's children that the time has not yet come for the printing of such intimate and self-revealing letters and diaries as was freely permitted in the case of Sir Theodore Martin's Life of the Prince Consort.

THE NEW AMEER.

SO far as can be gathered from the telegrams which have reached this country, the eldest son of the late Ameer has succeeded to the Throne of Afghanistan without any of the troubles or disturbances which had been feared. The new ruler is named Habibullah Khan, and is an accomplished Prince, who may be expected to govern the fierce Afghans with a firm hand. He is now about thirty-eight years of age, and for a considerable period—during the last five or six years of his father's reign—the chief civil power was deputed to him by Abdurrahman Khan. He is well liked by most of the Afghans, and a point which is decidedly in his favour, so far as we are concerned, is that he is strongly pro-English. At the present time, Afghanistan is exceptionally peaceful, and the new Ameer should have no difficulty in seating himself firmly on the throne, especially as he is believed to have the whole Afghan Army "solid" behind him. It is devoutly to be wished that this will be the case, as we cannot afford to have "trouble" in the Far East now, when our hands are so tied in South Africa.

MISS GRACE PALOTTA.

London playgoers, especially Gaiety-goers, cherish such pleasant recollections of the beautiful and blithe Miss Grace Palotta that no apology will be needed for the reproduction of a striking portrait taken of that popular lady in Melbourne, where she has for some time been playing with unbounded success in a round of Gaiety, Lyric, and Shaftesbury musical plays. Miss Palotta, whose first important speaking-part was as the soubrette serving-maid in Richard Henry's little comedy, "Adoption," at the Prince of Wales's a few years ago, was, in consequence of the "hit" she made therein, speedily promoted by Mr. George Edwardes to important parts in the Gaiety's merry mixtures. Miss Palotta's bright acting and her singing of "The Soldiers in the Park" in "A Runaway Girl," and her similar histrionic and vocal success in "The Messenger-Boy," caused that astute Antipodean Manager, Mr. J. C. Williamson, to borrow the bright lady for his

Melbourne and Sydney theatres for a season or so—of course, at a vastly increased salary. Our picture shows Miss Palotta taken with the wonderful donkey on which she rides in "The Casino Girl." This asinine histrion had to be brought up by the "elevator" to the photographic studio; but, once there, he behaved himself as a proper comedian should when about to be photographed in company with one of the most charming of actresses.

THE COVENT GARDEN FANCY-DRESS BALL.

The Covent Garden Fancy-Dress Ball of last Friday was a record one in every way. Nearly two thousand dancers and their friends attended, and, though the accommodation was greater than ever before, the immense floor-space proved all too small for the gaily attired votaries of Terpsichore. The scene was fascinating. Overhead was a blue sky studded with twinkling stars and an electrically lighted "Milky Way"; in the background the purple Mediterranean and terraces of Monte Carlo, with the lights of Monaco winking in the distance. Dan Godfrey's fine band provided the music, and those who selected the score or so of prize-winners had to make their choice of the best of Clarkson's wondrous creations. These, it need hardly be said, were in many cases typical of recent interesting occurrences.



THE NEW AMEER, PRINCE HABIBULLAH KHAN.

SCENES FROM "A CHINESE HONEYMOON," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

From Photographs by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Mr. Pineapple (Mr. Lionel Rignold).

Hi Lung
(Mr. Percy Clifton).Mrs. Pineapple
(Miss Elias Dee).Mrs. Brown
(Miss M. A. Victor). Hang Chow
(Mr. Roxborough). Fi-Fi
(Miss Freear).

ACT I.—THE GARDENS OF THE HOTEL AT YLANG YLANG.

Lord High Admiral Fi-Fi
(Mr. Percy Clifton). Mrs. Brown
(Miss M. A. Victor).Mr. Pineapple
(Mr. Lionel Rignold).

ACT II.—ROOM IN THE EMPEROR'S PALACE.

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A CHINESE HONEYMOON.

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* Kensington	9 10	...	10 15	11 15	...
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"A TIGHT CORNER," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

THE new farce at Terry's Theatre, produced by Mr. Yorke Stephens last Saturday night, is by Mr. Sydny Bowkett. It tells the story of two gentlemen in the country whose properties are adjoining, and between whom a feud has arisen over a piece of ground that is claimed by each of them. Complications arise out of the fact that the son of one of the parties in the dispute has secretly married the daughter of the other. And then the cook in one of the households has a lover whose profession is that of burglary. The identity of the burglar becomes confused with that of the young lady's husband, and so the story goes on until the explanation at the end of the third Act. There are amusing moments in the piece, and the acting of Miss Kate Phillips is as humorous as ever. For the rest, Mr. James Welch is not very well suited in the part of the burglar, and the other characters leave no impression on the memory. The first-nighters took full advantage of their rights at the close of the performance.

MR. EDWARD TERRY'S NEW PLAY.

During his present autumn tour, Mr. Edward Terry, with an eye to a London season, is trying several new plays. The first of these, Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton's quaintly named "Mothering Sunday," a three-Act comedy, was successfully produced on the 10th inst. at the Opera House, Belfast. Mid-Lent Sunday is still celebrated in many parts of rural England by the sons and daughters who are "out in the world" visiting their parents and bringing gifts to the mother, so the day is called "Mothering Sunday." Mr. Pemberton's play receives its title because the action takes place during the week before this Sunday, and deals with the love-affairs of several returning children.

As Rev. Arthur Chervil, the simple-minded, fussy old rector, who is, at the same time, a man of noble nature, Mr. Terry found a part exactly suited to him, and his admirable acting was rapturously received. Though not a very strong piece of work, the play is well written, and with a brisker second Act, as well as better acting in one or two of the characters, should have a successful career in the provinces. It is scarcely, however, good enough for a run by itself in London.

SAHARET IN BERLIN.

The famous dancer, Saharet, is now in Berlin (writes my Correspondent in that city). She is the one chief attraction at the music-hall "Metropol," and affords a very vivid contrast to all the other performers. It is quite remarkable how wonderfully gracefully the *danseuse* goes through her "high kicking" performances. The performances in themselves would seem quite impossible had one not seen them. When I say that she not only kicks with the greatest ease high above her own head with dazzling rapidity, first with one foot, then with the other, then pirouettes on one toe whilst holding her other leg with her hands parallel with her absolutely erect body, and all with no semblance of effort, I am not exaggerating in the very least. The whole time, too, Saharet appears laughingly fresh and girlish, as if she thoroughly enjoyed the performance, which, in reality, must be the most tremendous strain upon her physical forces. It is needless to state that she is encored night after night and applauded beyond measure.

The performance of the evening without her would be very different. It is quite remarkable how inferior in every respect are the dances and ballets which take place before and after Saharet's appearance on the stage. It is, too, quite refreshing to find that, despite the rather curious kind of performance which Saharet gives to the public, there is an absolute and entire lack of all suggestion of immodesty. It is doubtful whether the same could be said of the scantily dressed young women who parade in the ballet and, with the exception of wearing very pretty though scanty costume, seem to have no particular duty to fulfil beyond moving backwards and forwards to order.

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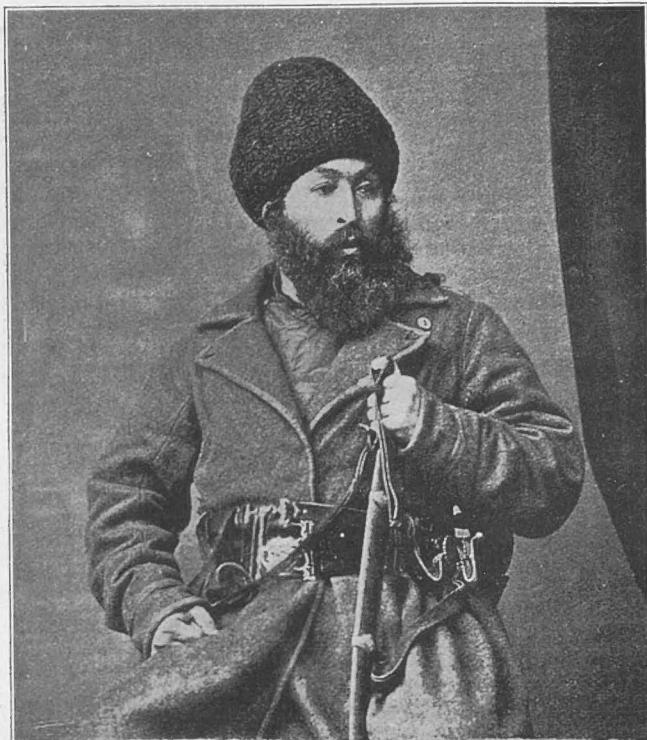
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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Death of the Ameer of Afghanistan. The death some days ago of Abdurrahman Khan, the ruler of Afghanistan, the important buffer State between our Indian Empire and Russia, removes from the stage of life a powerful and highly picturesque figure. For more than twenty years the Ameer has stood between our Empire in the East and that possible invasion of it by Russia which has been



ABDURRAHMAN KHAN, LATE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.

Photo by Bourke, Jelalabad.

for so long the bugbear of our statesmen and politicians. It may be doubted if in his heart of hearts he had any real sentiment of friendship towards England, but, at any rate, considerations of policy made him act the part of a friend. As has been well said, he feared us a little less than Russia, and trusted us a little more. Now that he is gone, all sorts of speculations about the future of his country and India, some of them sinister enough, must arise; but the public feel that, with so able a man as Viceroy of India as Lord Curzon of Kedleston admittedly is, the interests of our Eastern Empire will be thoroughly well looked after, and that, whatever happens, it will not suffer.

The Ameer's Career. Abdurrahman Khan was born about 1844, and was a grandson of the famous Dost Mahomed who founded the dynasty. When the late Ameer was a boy of fourteen, he was appointed Governor of a province. A year or two later, his honours were stripped from him, he was thrown into prison, and loaded with chains—all this by his own father, who afterwards took him back into favour. Shere Ali, his uncle, succeeded to the throne, and Abdurrahman became his implacable foe. After years of warfare and years of exile, Great Britain, at length, made him Ameer and granted him a considerable subsidy as its ally. But the public cannot have forgotten all the tragic story of that time—the slaughtering of Sir Louis Cavagnari, the disaster of Maiwand, and the victorious campaign which first brought Lord Roberts into prominence.

"The Punishment Fit the Crime."

The Ameer was a very hard-working Sovereign—that is quite evident from the biography of himself which appeared not long ago in the *Monthly Review*. He tried to reform his people, but some of his methods were cruel and barbarous in the extreme. He was an adept in devising "something lingering" in the tortures with which he punished refractory subjects. Thus, a baker who sold short-weight was roasted slowly in his own oven; robbers were starved to death in cages of various kinds; and one unfortunate wretch who had whispered that the Russians were coming was placed on a small stool on the top of a high pole, and made to shout "The Russians are coming!" till he dropped. In many respects the Ameer was a typical Oriental, but he was a strong man who thoroughly understood and, in a sense, appreciated Western civilisation.

The King at Crathie Church.

Crathie Church, the pretty little new chapel on Deeside in which the late Queen took so great an interest, and which is full of memorials and mementoes of the Royal Family, is now filled to overflowing each Sunday, for the King and Queen, generally accompanied by a large party, which last week included the Duke and Duchess of Fife, make a point, while in the Highlands, of there attending Divine service. Many anxious glances were cast last Sunday at the Royal Gallery in answer to the rumour that the King was not well. In the Gallery, however, the "Defender of the Faith," as His Majesty is still quaintly styled in many State documents, was to be seen, looking decidedly better in health than usual. King Edward has many early memories connected with Crathie, or rather, with the old chapel which was taken down to make way for this new and more imposing building. Queen Alexandra, who has always been very interested in all British Church matters, from the day in 1863 when she was explained the dogmas of the Anglican Church by the late Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster, is unlikely to leave Deeside without making some kind of offering to Crathie Church.

The King and the Volunteers.

It is not generally known that His Majesty has a particularly close connection with a little body of our Citizen Soldiers affiliated to one of our most famous regiments—to wit, the Royal Berkshire. King Edward is, of course, Captain-General of the Honourable Artillery Company and has a more or less intimate connection with many of our Volunteer corps, but the Windsor Great Park Company of the Royal Berkshire Volunteers is in a special sense the "King's Own." Founded at the beginning of the Volunteer movement, the Prince Consort took a great and abiding interest in the Company, and, before the Capitation Grant was instituted, Queen Victoria—always proud of being a soldier's daughter—bore the



THE VISIT OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND LORD DUFFERIN TO THE AMEER AT RAWAL PINDI, 1885.
Photo by Mr. Burke, Murree.

Duke of Connaught.

Lord Dufferin.

whole expense of the little body, besides contributing liberally to its Prize Fund. Now, His Majesty has graciously signified his intention of following in the steps of his beloved mother, and will from his private purse bear all the expense beyond the grant earned by the "N" Company, composed entirely of men employed on the Crown Estate in Windsor Park. The late Prince Christian Victor was at one time an officer of the corps, and its present Commander, Major Simmonds—himself a famous shot—joined the Company over forty years ago as a private, and has passed through all the grades to his present position.

The Duchess on the Cow-Catcher. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York seem determined to enjoy to the full every experience open to the enterprising traveller going through the wonderful Rockies. Their Royal Highnesses even rode on the cow-catcher of the Royal train, an experience many lady travellers, at any rate, would rather be without, though it is one that no artist should ever miss. The Duchess, as those who have the honour of her acquaintance are well aware, is an enthusiastic lover of Nature, and her taste has never been more satisfied than during the last fortnight, for the scenery surrounding Banff is quite unique in its weird splendour, and unequalled in any other portion of the Empire.

The King and the Heir-Apparent's Home-Coming. The King will come South from Balmoral some little time before the return of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. His Majesty, accompanied by the Queen, will probably, should the weather be favourable, go out to sea from Portsmouth to welcome the Royal travellers on their home-coming on the *Ophir*. In such an event, the King would be escorted by several war-vessels.

The subject of His Majesty proceeding to sea has been discussed in high Naval quarters, and Portland Bay, near Weymouth, has been spoken of as the place where the King and his distinguished companions would likely board the *Ophir*. In any event, wireless telegraphy is to be employed to inform His Majesty of the exact time when the vessel bearing the Heir-Apparent enters the English Channel.

Princesses in Peril. The narrow escape which Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice had the other day from a serious carriage accident while on their way to Whippingham Church serves to recall the close association of this beautiful little church with the Royal Family. There it was that the late Archbishop Tait confirmed the Princes Albert Victor and George on their return from the cruise in the *Bacchante*, and to them the aged Prelate, who had risen from what proved to be his death-bed to perform the ceremony, gave those last sterling words of counsel. Queen Victoria often attended the services at Whippingham Church when her old friend, Canon Prothero, the father both of the late and the present Editors of the *Quarterly Review*, was Rector of the parish. Her Majesty's fondness for Whippingham Church was largely due to the fact that Prince Albert had thoroughly restored and beautified it (I give an illustration of the

church as it was before restoration); but Her Majesty was ultimately driven to set up a private prayer-room at Osborne, because so many tourists came to stare at her rather than to worship.

Whippingham Church, too, is very dear to Princess Henry of Battenberg, for in that sacred building Her Royal Highness was wedded to Prince Henry



Photo by Hoffert, Berlin.

GRAND DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN,



Photo by Sonne, Copenhagen

PRINCESS THYRA OF DENMARK,

WHOSE ENGAGEMENT HAS BEEN REPORTED.

some sixteen years ago; and there, again, she laid to rest, eleven years later, the body of her much-loved husband, who had given his life for England while serving with the Ashanti Expedition. To the unbounded delight of the Island inhabitants, Her Royal Highness was appointed to succeed her husband in the office of Captain-General and Governor of the Isle of Wight, and Governor of Carisbrooke Castle, Mr. Thomas Cochrane, the popular husband of Lady Adela Cochrane, being nominated by her as Deputy-Governor.

The Queen's Niece. If the reported engagement of Princess Thyra of Denmark to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is a fact, then Queen Alexandra, now that her anxiety about the King's health is, in a measure, relieved, is certainly rejoicing in an event which must appeal to her strong feelings of family affection. Already the two families of Denmark and Mecklenburg-Schwerin are closely allied, for the bride's brother, Prince Christian, son of the Danish Crown Prince, married some three years ago the Grand Duke's sister, the Duchess Alexandrine. Of course, another brother of the bride's, Prince Charles of Denmark, is well known to the British public as the husband of Princess Maud of Great Britain and Ireland and as an Honorary Lieutenant in the British Navy. Princess Thyra, who was born in 1880, is almost exactly two years older than her prospective husband, and already shows that she possesses much of the sweetness and charm of her Royal aunt.

The Queen's New Nephew. As for the prospective bridegroom, Frederick Francis IV., he succeeded to the Grand

Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin on the tragic death of his father in 1897, his Principality having since been under the Regency of his uncle, Duke John Albert. The Grand Duke himself commands the 1st and the 3rd Battalions of the 89th Grenadier Regiment of Mecklenburg, and the 8th Regiment of the Moscow Grenadiers in the Russian Army. His mother is the Grand Duchess Anastasia, who was born at Peterhof in 1860, and is the sister of the Grand Duke Michael, who is well known in England now that, with his charming wife, the Countess Torby, he has taken so great a part in our country-house and sporting life.

A Singular Order. The Grand Duke is shown in *A Singular Order*, the picture wearing the Grand Cross and Collar of the Order of the Crown of Wendes. This Order is probably unique in that it is given by two potentates—the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who nominates three-fourths of the total number of Knights, and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, to whom is left the remaining quarter.



OLD WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH BEFORE ITS RESTORATION BY THE PRINCE CONSORT.

Photo by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight

The King's New Orders.

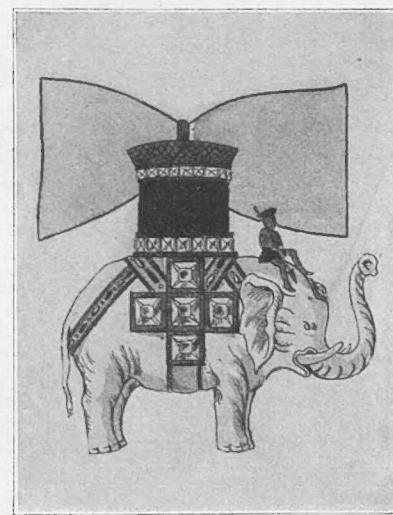
The Order of the Dannebrog which the King has just received at the hands of his father-in-law, the King of Denmark, has been capped by the Star of Ethiopia from the Emperor Menelek, which Lieutenant-Colonel Harrington brought with him on a special mission to Balmoral. The Dannebrog is not, as has been stated, the highest honour in the power of King Christian to bestow on his son-in-law. The highest Order in Denmark is that of the White Elephant, which ranks with that of the Garter and the Golden Fleece and the other great European Orders, and is almost entirely reserved for Royal personages. King Edward received it years ago. The Dannebrog, which answers pretty closely to our Order of the Bath, has an almost legendary origin. It is said that Waldemar II., King of Denmark, was being defeated in battle, in 1219, when he hit on the bright idea of reviving the courage of his troops by pretending that a special flag had fallen from Heaven. The flag, which had been hastily provided, bore a white cross, and was christened "Dannebrog," or "the Strength of the Danes," and Waldemar founded the Order to commemorate this victory snatched from the jaws of defeat. But who, comparing the two, would not prefer the White Elephant, a most pleasant beast, to the Dannebrog?

The Star of Ethiopia.

The news that the Emperor Menelek has sent the British Agent all the way to Balmoral to confer the highest class of this Order, which is strictly limited to Sovereigns and Heads of States, on King Edward will not be pleasant reading for certain astute persons in Paris and St. Petersburg; but it may be doubted whether the incident has much political significance either way. Queen Victoria conferred a high decoration, the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, on Menelek, and most probably this is nothing but a return civility.

Coronation Gowns and Gossip.

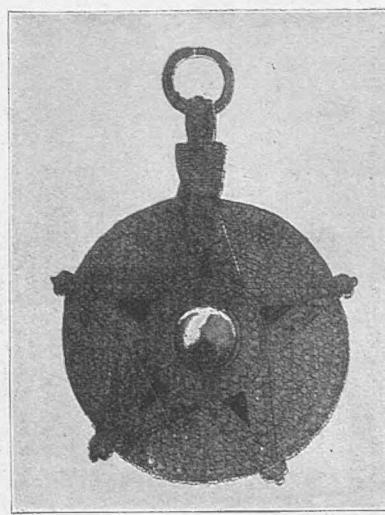
Now that definite orders have been issued concerning the correct attire for Peers and Peeresses at the Coronation, many doubts have been set at rest, and there is much mourning and lamentation among those ladies who, while being widows of Peers, have re-married Commoners. The fact that widowed Peeresses so situated will not be honoured with an invitation to the great ceremony affects a great number of well-known and popular women—among others, the bride of the moment, Lady Portarlington; pretty Lady Cairns; Flora, Marchioness of Hastings; Lily, Duchess of Marlborough; Susan, Lady Malmesbury; Julia, Lady Tweeddale; and a host of others. Peers will wear their robes over full Court-dress, uniforms, or regimentals. Accordingly, lovers of the picturesque among them lament the disappearance of the white satin doublet and trunks which, in conjunction with white silk hose, afforded such a mass of brilliant pure-white colour at the last Coronation.



ORDER OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.



ORDER OF THE DANNEBROG.



ORDER OF THE STAR OF ETHIOPIA.

The much-discussed question of coronets is now settled once for all: these precious circlets are to be of silver-gilt, the interior cap of crimson velvet being turned up with ermine, with a gold tassel on the top. An important point, and one which will certainly cause disappointment to those noblemen—but they are very few—who share Lord Anglesey's

love of precious stones, is that no jewels are to be used on these coronets, neither may counterfeit pearls take the place of the silver balls which will notify to the beholder the rank of the wearer.

Only those Peers and Peeresses who make a point of informing the Earl-Marshal of their intention to be present, before New Year's Day, will receive an invitation—or rather, a Royal Command—to attend the

Coronation. Curiously enough, those Peers who are minors will not be officially invited, but they will probably manage to be present in the guise of train-bearers to their more fortunate if more elderly friends. Of course, many people who do not belong to the Upper House have an official right to attend a Coronation, and both the King and Queen have also set aside a certain number of places for their private friends. The question of foreign visitors is agitating the minds of many people, who feel that, but for their presence, they themselves, loyal British subjects, would have a chance of getting in to see the pageant. Unfortunately, King Edward and Queen Alexandra are connected by ties of blood with something like three hundred Continental Royal personages, and many of these, together with their suites, will have to be accommodated with seats.

Mar Lodge and its Owners.

Since the Court has been at Deeside there has been an almost daily exchange of visits between Balmoral and Mar Lodge. It is significant that their Majesties' elder daughter is now always mentioned in the Court Circular as "Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife)." Her Royal Highness and the Duke have been spending some days at Balmoral, but soon they will be host and hostess to a party of distinguished guests in their own charming Highland home. Perhaps the most picturesque and comfortable of minor Royal residences in Europe, Mar Lodge is beautifully situated on rising ground, and enjoys even more splendid views of the surrounding country than does Balmoral. The house—which, notwithstanding its great size, is so beautifully proportioned that it does not appear overlarge—was the creation of

its present owners, and was finally completed only quite recently. The Duke and Duchess occupy a beautiful suite of rooms on the first-floor, that of their two children following immediately after. The guest-rooms are exceedingly delightful, but practically shut off from that portion of Mar Lodge inhabited by the Duke and Duchess; every room, however, bears the stamp of Her Royal Highness's individual taste, and simplicity combined with comfort may be said to be its key-note.

A Postponed Marriage.

What promised to be one of the very smartest weddings of the autumn season has been postponed owing to the illness of the bridegroom—namely, the marriage of Lady Muriel Fox-Strangways, Lord and Lady Ilchester's only

THE KING'S NEW ORDERS.

daughter, to Mr. Charles Harris. This is the more the pity that the gardens of Holland House are during the month of October seen at their loveliest, and the wedding, which was to have taken place last week, would certainly have been the occasion of one of the most delightful of gatherings amid these historic groves and avenues.

The Solicitor-General.

Sir Edward Carson, the rumour of whose retirement from public life will be received both in and out of the House of Commons and the Law Courts with unstinted regret, will always be notable for the fact that he made a new record in his career. He was the first man who ever became "Q.C." in both Ireland and England; he was "Q.C." at the Irish Bar before he came to the English, and he is the first law officer who ever held office under the Crown in the two countries. English Judges have often been sent as Chancellors to Ireland, and so held office in the two countries, but they were not, like Sir Edward, members of the Irish Bar. Like the Lord Chief Justice, who was a famous runner in his day, he was an excellent athlete, and usually took most of the prizes for athletics, as he did in the classes.

How many people know that the Solicitor-General was intended to be an architect? But his bias to the law was too great, so he gave up architecture to study law. By an odd coincidence, his first brief had to do with a building case. In his younger days—he is still sufficiently young not to have need to speak of his "young" days—he often received his fees direct from his clients instead of through the solicitors who instructed him. The fees sometimes amounted to as little as half-a-guinea, paid in ten single shillings and a sixpenny-piece. Not on all occasions, however, did those fees amount to the sum in question. One day a countryman called on him and said, "Look here, Counsellor, you've got a bit of a case for Mick —?" "I have," said Mr. Carson. "What of it?" "I am Mick —, and, if you win that case, I will give you five shillings for yourself." Though it was hardly a sum to stimulate special effort, Mr. Carson won the case, but—he did not get the five shillings. In the famous case against Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., an incident happened which showed the strength of his judgment and his self-confidence in unerring fashion. Just as he was about to open the case, a telegram was put into his hand. He opened it and read in the Government cipher instructions for getting the case postponed. In spite of that, however, he decided to take no notice of the instructions, and to go on with the case. His action won him no end of kudos, for the telegram was a forgery, though how on earth those who sent it were able to find out the Government cipher is a matter which has never been discovered from that day to this.

Miss Hilda Coral. Tall and fair and beautiful, one of those "daughters of the gods" who serve now where the "vestals who kept the sacred lamp of burlesque alight" in the old days at the Gaiety once served, is Miss Hilda Coral. For the moment, however, her place at the theatre knows her not, for she has just started for India with the Company which Mr. George Edwardes has sent out to show Indian Civil Servants, their sisters, their cousins, their aunts, and their wives, as well as Rajahs and Nabobs and others of that ilk, what "The Toreador" and "The Circus Girl," "A Runaway Girl" and "San Toy," are like when interpreted by an English Company. Miss Coral really drifted to musical comedy by way of comic opera, for she was at one time a member of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's Company. When, however, "An Artist's Model" was to be produced, she joined Mr. Edwardes.



MISS HILDA CORAL, WHO HAS LATELY LEFT LONDON FOR INDIA WITH MR. GEORGE EDWARDES'S MUSICAL COMEDY COMPANY.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

The Master of the Rolls.

The legal world and a large section of the general public will regard with extreme regret the serious illness of the Master of the Rolls. Since the untimely and tragic death of his wife, in Scotland, during the early part of the Vacation, Sir Archibald Smith has been very much broken in health and in spirit. This has terminated in complete collapse, and for a fortnight his friends have experienced the gravest anxiety as to the result. Physicians have been in attendance from London, but without affording any apparent relief to the sufferer. He is not an old man as Judges go, being only sixty-five, but he has been a most energetic man, and the splendid reputation he earned as an athlete at Cambridge he has maintained by hard work through life.

He is the only son of Mr. Francis Smith, of Salt Hill, Chichester. Like the Lord Chief Justice, he was educated at Trinity. As has been stated, he was a great athlete. He rowed three times in the University Eight, and acquired considerable success as a cricketer. Then he ate dinners at the Inner Temple from 1859 to 1860, and went the South-Eastern Circuit. He was a great success as Junior Counsel to the Treasury from 1878, and was promoted straight to the Bench in 1883 without taking "silk," like his distinguished brothers Stirling, Mathew, and Wright. He was with Lord Hannen and "my brother Day" on the Parnell Commission, when the latter sat through the long trial without uttering a word. That was in 1888. Then he succeeded Sir Edward Fry as Lord Justice in 1893, and the Lord Chief as Master of the Rolls in October last year. Long ago he earned his retiring pension, but has continued to give his services to the nation. He is a member of the Athenaeum, and still takes the keenest interest in rowing. When in town he is to be found in Cadogan Square, but much prefers his birthplace at Chichester. His wife was the daughter of Mr. John Fletcher, of Dale Park, Sussex. He married her in 1867.

SIR A. SMITH, MASTER OF THE ROLLS, WHO IS SERIOUSLY ILL.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

A Political Trinity. Politicians have been amused by the *Daily News* recommendation of Mr. Gibson Bowles, Mr. Lloyd-George, and Mr. Winston Churchill as a "trinity of young men" to whom the country may look for guidance. Mr. Churchill is quite young, and even Mr. Lloyd-George is only thirty-eight, but it is forty years since Mr. Bowles became a clerk in the Inland Revenue Department. The three members are undoubtedly among the ablest critics in the House. They are very acute, and they have unusual gifts of expression. It would, however, be a strange Government in which all found places.

"T. W."

Is Mr. T. W. Russell thinking of crossing over? He has just been addressing a meeting of the Aberdeen Liberal Association. True, his address was on the Irish Land Question, which he treats separately from Party politics, but his audience was not an audience which the ordinary Unionist would select. "T. W." has more friends on the Radical side than on the Unionist, and, if he continues to take every opportunity of scolding the Government, some of the Conservatives may try to drive him across the floor. He could never become a Nationalist, but is it not possible that he may stand some day for a Scotch constituency as a Liberal candidate, claiming liberty to vote against Home Rule?

Lord Roberts at Knowsley.

The splendid northern seat of Lord and Lady Derby has often entertained noteworthy guests, but rarely one who was more welcome than the Commander-in-Chief, who, accompanied by Lady Roberts and by his elder daughter, Lady Aileen, made a brief stay there last week in order that Liverpool might honour itself by bestowing on the great soldier the Freedom of the city. Lord Stanley, who has of late proved himself an even keener soldier than he is a politician, met his old chief at the station, and brought him on to Knowsley, where a very distinguished party, including, it is significant to note, Sir William and Lady Harcourt, had gathered together under Lord Derby's hospitable roof-tree. Knowsley is one of the most splendid of the stately homes of England; it is full of art-treasures, which Lord Derby is very generous in lending to loan collections.

Battle Abbey.—The sale of Battle Abbey this week again draws attention to this historic edifice. It seems a great pity that such a place—it might appropriately enough be counted among the national memorials—cannot be bought by the Government, but in these days of high taxation there is no prospect of anything of the kind. Everyone who is familiar with our Southern coasts, and there are few indeed who are not, has seen the Abbey, which is some five or six miles from Hastings. Every schoolboy knows that it was originally built for a community of Benedictines by William the Conqueror to commemorate his victory at Senlac, and that the sword of the great Norman was deposited in it. The Abbey has seen many changes of fortune in the centuries that have passed since William's era. Much of it is in ruins. The existing buildings are in the "Decorated" and "Perpendicular" styles, and occupy three sides of a quadrangle. The last time it came under the hammer was in 1857, when it was bought by Lord Harry Vane, afterwards Duke of Cleveland, who married Lord Rosebery's mother. Lord Rosebery is spoken of as an intending purchaser, so also is Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

Deer-Stalking.—The reports of the deer-stalking season are coming in, and they justify the statements made in these columns that the season has been a record one. If the majority of the heads have not been very great, and royals have been few and far between, it must be conceded that the number of stags shot has in many

this season by Colonel Frank Rhodes, and many men and women of South African fame have been having good sport there. Dr. Jameson has raided the corries and secured some fine heads, Messrs. Cecil Rhodes and Alfred Beit have aided and abetted him, and Lady Sarah Wilson has been included in the house-party. Rannoch, which belongs to Sir Robert Menzies, is reckoned second to no sporting estate in Perthshire, a county famous for its shooting. There is a fine house at the head of Loch Rannoch, and, in addition to high and low ground-shooting, there is some excellent fishing in the lochs and in the river flowing into Loch Rannoch, whose name at the moment of writing has escaped me. South of Rannoch is the Marquis of Breadalbane's famous Forest of Blackmount, reckoned by some to be the best in Scotland, and that marks the southern limit of Scottish deer-forests, leaving the island forests and Glenartney, which stands by itself, out of the reckoning.

Sir Harry Johnston's Great Book.

Whether Sir Harry Johnston's great book on Uganda, which Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. will publish shortly, is the last word on the subject or not, it will, doubtless, prove the most interesting and important contribution to our knowledge of that country since it came under Imperial control. Sir Harry is an artist and a naturalist, which ought to give value to the five hundred illustrations he has supplied and the fifty coloured plates. In his report, presented to both Houses of Parliament last July, he answers the question as to whether



BATTLE ABBEY: APROPOS OF THE SALE OF THE HISTORIC PILE THIS WEEK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

cases beaten previous records. One of the forests where the sport, which is now over so far as stags are concerned, has been uncommonly good is Ardverikie, in Inverness-shire. It lies to the east of Loch Laggan, where the house stands, and extends over some thirty thousand acres. The tenant is Mr. E. J. Wythes, who rents it from Sir J. W. Ramsden, to whom the great Forest of Ben Alder, lying immediately to the south of Ardverikie, also belongs. In a good year, the Ardverikie Forest yields one hundred stags; this season nearly one hundred and sixty have fallen to the rifle. Of course, there can be comparatively few great heads in such a bag; where forests are so well-shot, many stags of four, five, and six years are taken, but the record suffices to show how the careful feeding and constant watching suffice to rear stags in numbers that our fathers would have wondered at. The only regrettable fact is that, where the great harts are shot off, the future stags are often weakly sired, and if this practice of taking the great heads is continued for many years the size of the red-deer will diminish.

Ben Alder, to which I have just referred, has been shot this season by Mr. Cunningham of Foyers, and has been found as well supplied as the forest on its northern boundary and the two great neighbours—Corrour, owned and shot by Sir John Stirling Maxwell, and Rannoch. Corrour has grouse in abundance as well as deer, and it is worthy of note that in many forests the grouse are not encouraged, foresters even taking every egg they can find. The reason of this is that grouse, disturbed by a stalker, warn the stag of his presence. Rannoch, which also combines fine grouse-shooting with good forest-land, has been shot

the natives are now happier under British control than formerly. He states frankly that, prior to the assumption of British control, the natives led a life of misery and woe. They are happier and better off materially and morally under British rule. These are statements that could not always be made in the history of our colonisation. He gives the end of this month as the date for the completion of the railway to Kavirondo, on the north-east coast of the Victoria Nyanza. Two large steamers are to be placed on the lake in connection with the railway. Uganda he terms the valuable hinterland of British East Africa, and British East Africa is indispensable to Uganda, as being its coast-region and containing the port of Mombasa. Mr. F. J. Jackson, Deputy Commissioner, and Mr. F. J. Cunningham, the Secretary, receive warm praise from Sir Harry.

A November Fixture.

Lady dog-fanciers, and they are many, are looking forward eagerly to the great "L.K.A." Show, which is to take place at Earl's Court towards the end of November. It is hoped that Queen Alexandra will be among the exhibitors, the more so that Her Majesty, who is Patron of the Ladies' Kennel Association, has done all in her power, and it need hardly be said what a very great "all" that is, to help on this excellent society, which numbers all the more noted dog-lovers among its members. The Ladies' Kennel Association has just opened a Club-house close to the Marble Arch, in a quarter of London where feminine Clubs are conspicuous by their absence. The subscription has been fixed at three guineas, with an entrance-fee of one guinea; but ladies already belonging to the "L.K.A." intending to use the Club for business purposes, will pay half.

"The Right of Way." I think myself particularly lucky to have been favoured with a copy of the poster displayed outside the Royalty Theatre on the occasion of the production of the dramatised version of Mr. Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Right of Way." Had I known of the performance in time, I would certainly have been there, for I think the performance of "Billy" would alone have been worth the two guineas entrance-fee. Mr. E. L. Heinemann, by the way, is the brother of the well-known publisher, and owner of that celebrated and well-named racehorse, Game Hen.

Berlin Secessionist Theatre. There exists in Berlin (writes my Correspondent in that city) a most fascinating little theatre of quite recent growth called the "Secessions-Theater." A few days since, I went to see what was called a "Buntes Brett" performance in this theatre—or, more properly speaking, large room. The words "Buntes Brett," however, need some explanation. The literal translation, of course, would be "bright little boards," the latter word referring, of course, to the stage, the adjective "little" giving the sense of "on a small scale."

Royalty Theatre
Under the Management of - - Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL

SPECIAL MATINEE
FOR THE FIRST TIME
October 10, 1901
At 11 a.m.

THE RIGHT OF WAY
Play in Four Acts
By GILBERT PARKER

CHARACTERS:

Charlie Steele	Mr. B. V. Blackett
Kathleen	Mrs. C. E. Roche
Billy	Mr. J. W. Gilmer
Charlemagne	Mr. Arthur Waugh
Suzon	Miss Jones
Jake Hough, a Horse Doctor	Mr. E. L. Heinemann
Rosalie	Mrs. Arthur Waugh
L'Abbe Rossignol	Mr. E. J. Fairholme
M. Rossignol	Mr. C. E. Roche

ADMISSION TWO GUINEAS

POSTER FOR COPYRIGHT PERFORMANCE OF
"THE RIGHT OF WAY."

also two other gentlemen, one being the pianist and the other the performer who is to first delight the audience. All the performers are quietly but very nicely dressed in ordinary everyday attire: there is an entire absence of all stiffness and ceremony. When the first performer has ceased singing his song or reciting his part, the Master of Ceremonies introduces the next, and so on through the performance, the scene remaining nearly constant the whole evening. When I was there, there was only one change in scenery, and that was "at half-time," as footballers would say. The "theatre" is most essentially "secessionist" in appearance, and is adorned with pale-mauve hangings on a pale-green background, the public occupying for the most part the centre of the room, which rises slightly towards the back, though there are, too, about a dozen little boxes, almost on the same level as the "pit," right and left of the stage, and a few higher seats right at the back of the room.

More than two or three performers were never simultaneously present on the stage. The acting was superb, the singing excellent, and the gentleman who recited in various dialects simply "brought the house down." The "Buntes Brett" idea originated with the famous German poet and novel-writer, Ernst von Wolzogen, who by this means hopes to raise the entire tone of all lesser theatrical performances of lighter vein, thus counteracting the evil effect of third-class "café-chantants." The "Buntes Brett" gives most admirable performances, which, though nothing more than frivolous, are, at the same time, highly diverting and not the least harmful in their effect. The most delightful of the actresses' contributions was, perhaps, that of Gisela Schneider-Nissen, who was most heartily applauded throughout and was repeatedly called before the curtain. Her dress, I may mention, was very "secessionist"; it consisted of a sheath-like tunic, following every line of the figure, and made of gold-spangled tissue, falling over a soft under-dress of pale-blue chiffon. The most popular actor, to judge by the public's cheers, seemed to be Marcell Salzer, whose recitations were equalled only by his marvellously good acting.

Professor Virchow. The world-famed pathologist, Professor Virchow, celebrated his eightieth birthday on the 13th of this month (adds my Berlin Correspondent). In his honour a new infirmary is going to be built by the city of Berlin. The infirmary will be capable of holding seventeen hundred patients, and will be divided into two different sections, one for men and one for women. Many are the stories told by students of the clever old Professor. One runs to the effect that a student who was up for examination was asked a question about the

human liver, and, being evidently rather uncertain as to the right answer to give, hesitated so much that the Professor, impatient, ran out of the room, saying he would return soon. As a fact, he went the round of some dozen rooms, examining other candidates, and totally forgot the first one, who, meanwhile, was becoming frightfully hungry. Finally, he was seen to be hurrying home for lunch. This was more than the poor examinee could stand. He sent the Professor's servant to intimate to him that he was still awaiting his pleasure. On the Professor returning, the student stammered more than ever, but explained the fact by mentioning that he was nearly starving. His hesitating excuse seemingly inspired the hard-hearted examiner with pity; or, perhaps, it was that he, too, began to feel the pangs of hunger. Whichever was the real reason, the unfortunate student stumbled through the short examination successfully, and then both went and had dinner.

English Art in Berlin. Quite a number of English pictures are to be seen this week at one of the picture exhibition-rooms in Behrenstrasse (continues my Berlin Correspondent): the "Master Flemings," by Brough, "The Blue Bell Inn," by Constable, and a "Landscape in Essex" by the same artist; a pretty picture by Harding, representing a peasant-girl returning home on her grey mare; a couple of pictures by Charles W. Bartlett, representing, one a poor woman sitting, tired-out, with a child at the breast and another lying near her on the ground, the other representing an old fiddler playing to a group of children. Amongst other English names that I noticed were those of Cameron, Kennedy, Campbell Noble, William Radgett, Priestman, and Montague Smith.

Mormons in Berlin. No less than forty Mormons were present at a Mormon baptism the other day near Berlin. A certain "Bishop" O'Donnell, from Ogden City, in Utah, performed the ceremony of dipping below the water, as the new converts severally passed knee-deep through the stream. Amongst those present were at least a dozen women. The candidates for baptism wore long white bathing-garments. After they had been properly ducked, a sermon was preached by the bishop.

Mr. H. E. Moss, the chief Director of the London Hippodrome and of some two dozen huge suburban and provincial Empires, tells me that he will open his long-promised Hackney Empire about the middle of next month. The East of this Metropolis is to be otherwise supplied with new temples of amusement, for tidings reach me of projected new theatres at Poplar and Ilford.

After the Cup Race.

Everyone by this time is very familiar with the portraits of Sir Thomas Lipton, but I venture to think that my readers will excuse me for reproducing yet one more. In the photograph given on this page, Sir Thomas Lipton is shown on his yacht, "Erin," after the final race. There is a



AFTER THE FINAL YACHT-RACE: SIR THOMAS LIPTON AND HIS FRIENDS ON THE "ERIN."

From a Stereoscopic Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

pathetic resignation in his attitude which cannot fail to touch the hearts of all those who followed his plucky attempts to bring the Cup to England.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*The Voltaire
Mystification.*

Pantheon or not. Officially, he lies there, but there is a controversy as to the reality, and both sides are equally sure they are right. Two years ago, the Government authorised the supposed tomb to be opened, and the bones to be examined as to their authenticity. The experts handled the famous skull, and declared that, as it resembled the philosopher, the proof was made. But, as it was Voltaire's peculiarity in life to resemble a skull, this did not seem conclusive, and the indecision still exists. To-day there is a dispute as to where he was born. The village of Chatenay disputes the honour with Paris, and, as the village is preparing to fête the anniversary of "its illustrious child," the city rises up in indignation. The first has no documents at all; the second shows for proof a reference in a letter and a line of poetry. Decidedly Voltaire is on the way to become a myth.



MADAME MELBA.
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

they have trained over two continents—one may almost say, over three; some part of them provided New York and Newport gossip years ago. When the Duke fell ill, a year or two ago, the Duchess went after him and took him home, which caused the eldest son to carry a complaint of his mother before the Courts for the sequestration of his father. This may not be the legal term, but it is the sense of the charge, as reported by the French newspapers. The Duke fell heir a few years ago to great estates in Silesia, which are doubtless to be the eldest son's inheritance. The mother then provides for the second son, the bridegroom of to-day.

Like so many palaces of Paris, the Morton-Perigord residence is completely hidden from the street. Through double-doors in a high wall in the Rue St. Dominique, one enters into a paved court. The palace, in Italian style, occupies the entire width of the property. Traversing it, one reaches the garden at the back. Though not to-day one of the largest—it measures a hundred and ten by fifty mètres—it is one of the most beautiful gardens in Paris. By skilful gardening, it has been made to give the illusion of a vast park, where one wanders down gravelled paths, under arching trees, beside fountains and statues and gigantic cages filled with tropical birds, till one forgets that this is the heart of a city, and gets a rude shock to find that the balcony at the farther end overlooks the Rue de Grenelle and the cannon of the Invalides. It is curious to remark that, while an American girl installs herself here in one of the proudest palaces of St. Germain, another American girl, the Countess Boni de Castellane, takes possession of the Château of Valençay, the principal ancestral domain of the Talleyrands.

Beginning of the End. Astounding as it may seem, it is only this week that the demolition of the Exhibition buildings on the Champ de Mars has been taken in hand. I even question whether any attempt to put this beautiful spot in order would have been undertaken before the spring had it not been for the general outcry of the Parisian. Many things are promised by the authorities as a recompense for the delay. The flowery borders of the old-time Seine are to be restored, an artificial lake of Swiss design is to be constructed, and gorgeous avenues of palatial mansions will be erected, which will rival anything in the Bois or in the Avenue des Champs-Elysées. All this suggests that Paris has seen her last Great Exhibition, for, once the Champs de Mars built over, it is impossible to think of any land practicable for a World's Fair.

*Rue-de-la-Paix
"Boycott."* I have spoken to several of the most prominent costumiers in the Rue de la Paix in regard to the suggestion of Queen Alexandra that at the Coronation the ladies' dresses should be English-made from English materials. In no single instance has the slightest bitterness been felt. One of the largest caterers for Eve's daughters in their happiest moments said to me, "Nothing could be more natural, and the wish of the Queen should be respected by every loyal English lady. Once over, we can offer our goods for the attendant festivals. In point of fact, we are not

sorry at the decision. Paris is not so far ahead as to be unable to learn anything, and every house will send over its finest artists to study the models that England will prepare for the first great festival of the Century." It is pleasant to find Frenchmen taking so level-headed a view of the matter.

The Théâtre-Français Muddle. The interminable troubles at the first theatre in Europe are tending to complications that may lead on to anything. The proposition to entirely suppress its subsidy has little chance of succeeding, although the famous house has hardly a champion among the Press. For years it has been going from bad to worse, and I cannot recall during the last seven years more than three plays that have been deemed of sufficient value to be included in the répertoire. The incident of "Chérubin," by de Croisset, was bad enough. For the Committee to accept a play and then find that the swollen-headed Sociétaires did not care to appear in it was an impossible situation; and now comes the Le Bargy-Schefer incident, where the actor dictated instructions to the author. The end of it will be that the Committee of actors who selected plays in which they saw good parts for themselves will be abolished, and M. Claretie will have to accept, as Director, the entire responsibility. An excellent attempt to save a perilous situation!

Antoine's New Play.

There was the usual fashionable attendance when Antoine re-opened with "L'Honneur," a version of a German play. The criticism was not friendly. A young man of poor family makes a fortune, and, on his return from abroad, finds that his sister has the most equivocal relations with the son of her employer. He revolts, but his working-class family regard the affair philosophically on account of the large sums of money that the liaison brings to the house. The final scene, where the son, who has talked of honour till he is tired, marries the sister of the man who has brought dishonour into his own family, was antipathetic. A bad start for Antoine, but, fortunately, he never knows despair.

A Paradise of Toys.

The untiring Prefect of Police, M. Lepine, deserves well of his race. His scheme for offering prizes for really pretty toys for the New Year Fair will drive off the boulevards the desperately unpleasant productions of Belgium and Germany. I have seen some that are to be submitted for the final examination, and they show that the French workman has lost none of his traditional cunning in making the famous *articles de Paris*—ornaments for the drawing-room and joys for the nursery.

Miss Nellie Patterson.

This charming little girl is Miss Nellie Patterson, the small niece and namesake of Madame Melba, who, with her mother, and still smaller brother, has just sailed for Australia, after spending the summer months with the famous prima donna. "Miss Nellie" bears a striking resemblance



MISS NELLIE PATTERSON, MADAME MELBA'S NIECE.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

to her aunt, and it may be that in years to come she will wish to emulate her example, and will be trying to follow in her footsteps, for, although only three and a-half years old, she can sing perfectly correctly and has quite a wonderful little voice. Indeed, Madame Melba herself is my authority that she can take "F"!



THE SOCIAL JESTER

LETTERS TO DOLLIE—WITH FOREIGN POSTMARKS.

VI.

Kalmar to Malmö—The Absurdity of Mementoes—Malmö and its Drainage System—Copenhagen and a Jolly Journalist—Hamburg, Some Monkeys, and the British Aristocracy—A Nation of Sousas—The Hook, Harwich, and Home—Final Honeymoon Plans.

FROM Kalmar, my dear Dollie, I worried along by rail to Malmö. In an ordinary way, I should just have travelled, but on this journey I was somewhat hampered with a quite remarkable number of small and unnecessary packages. Thus, every time I changed, I had to look after my bag, two overcoats, a rug, an umbrella, a walking-stick, a bottle of whisky (in case of illness), a paper bag containing assorted cakes, another paper bag containing assorted fruits, and a miscellaneous bundle of mementoes.

I think mementoes are the stupidest things; don't you? They are generally expensive and always useless. Take my little lot, for example. At Göthenburg, I bought an apron, a peasant's hat, and a pipe. At Stockholm, I acquired a pair of vases and a petticoat. In St. Petersburg, there were forced upon me, at considerable expense to myself, a driver's whip, two idols, and a pair of peasant's boots. At Kalmar, I stole an earthenware jar; Malmö stares me in the face in the shape of a metal drinking-cup; Copenhagen is represented in my rooms by a silly-looking model of the Three Graces, and Hamburg reproaches me in the guise of a box of cigars that grew sulky on being asked to cross the water.

However, to get back—or rather, forward—to Malmö. The harbour is on the north side of the town, and in the Great Market there is a bronze equestrian statue of Charles X. Gustavus, who united Skåne with Sweden in 1648. There is also in the Great Market a strong indication that the drainage system of Malmö is considerably behind the times. I would not, however, bother you about this were it not for the fact that I distinctly remember the faulty drainage, whilst, to be quite honest, the rest of my information regarding Malmö is copied word for word from the guide-book. Having now won your confidence and cleared my conscience, I will get aboard another lugger and voyage to Copenhagen.

In Copenhagen I was fortunate enough to stumble up against an intelligent journalist who talked English ninety-nine to the dozen and knew the city as well as you, dear Dollie, know your reflection in the looking-glass. He it was—dare any man maintain that clumsy people are not lucky?—who escorted me to a glorified edition of Earl's Court, where I started small balloons for heaven, broke glass bottles, and heard the Finnish students sing glees. He it was who showed me the King's New Market, the Royal Theatre, the Christiansborg Palace, the Exchange, and the Thorvaldsen Museum. He, also, explained to me

that his sole reason for taking off his hat so politely to every man he met was because, if he omitted this ceremony, he might some day be called out several hours before breakfast and fed with a lump of injected lead. I shall always remember Copenhagen by my little journalistic friend. He had the smile of a hyæna, the energy of a music-hall comedian, and the patience of a cab-horse. Altogether, quite a remarkable man.

My next and final halting-place was Hamburg. Under this heading, I find I have jotted down in my note-book, "The 'Zoo': monkeys like the British aristocracy." The idea, in itself, seems absurdly simple, and yet, you know, I cannot for the life of me remember the train of thought that inspired that note. For why, I ask you, should monkeys like the British aristocracy any more than they like me, for instance, or you, dear Dollie? I have a distinct recollection of standing for some little time by the monkeys' cage and of being amused by their strange antics. I can also recall the fact that their weak, vacuous faces filled my breast with a feeling of intense pity. But why they should have connected themselves in my mind with a fondness for the British aristocracy is more than I can explain.

However, apart from the monkeys in the "Zoo," Hamburg is a delightful town, replete with quaint corners and picturesque delights. The air is full of music and the streets of band-conductors in imagination or embryo. The beating of time seems to be the ruling passion of the place. The tram-conductors, on their foot-boards, beat time with a bunch of tickets; the jarvies, on their box-seats, beat time with their whips; the hotel-chambermaids, on their landings, beat time with their bunches of keys; the lions, in their cages, beat time with their tails; the very children, in the Parks, beat time with their rattles or their toy-whips. What a nation of Sousas!

I would have lingered long in Hamburg, but duty and yourself, Dollie dear, were calling, and I was fain to climb aboard the train for the Hook and set my face towards home. True, my brief holiday for another year was over, but it was good to know that I should soon be amongst faces that I knew once again and within hailing distance of an honest beef-steak. There were theatres to be visited, letters to be opened, tales to tell and to hear.

We had rough weather between the Hook of Holland and Harwich, but I took the deck like a Viking, and laughed at old Father Neptune and his pristine terrors of sea-sickness. The good ship pitched, frail passengers hurried below, but little cared I for the buffeting of the wind or the strenuous impatience of the waves. For the sunshine of Sweden and the salt of the Baltic had dispelled the evil humours of London Town, and I felt that I could breast the gale and fight the storm with the best of 'em. I thought it wiser, however, to spend the night on deck.

There was nothing particularly exciting about the journey from Harwich to London. I shared a carriage with a party of Americans, who calculated the hour of their arrival in the Metropolis by the number of miles they had to travel. I hadn't

the heart to undeceive them, but they found plenty of time to think out their mistake before it was necessary to collect the small packages.

At length, and thanks to the fact that I had had no sleep and no breakfast, I arrived at Liverpool Street in an unshaven condition and a state of dilapidation. London, I thought, was looking more than a little sordid, but it presented a much better appearance when I had shaved, changed, and breakfasted. I felt a natural shyness about going into the Club at lunch-time, but I am bound to admit that my entrance caused no great sensation. Indeed, one dear old friend of mine, to whom I extended my hand with a conscious smile and a word of greeting, stared perplexedly, for a moment, at my outstretched paw, and then remarked inspiredly, "Hallo, old man, been away?"

"Faugh! I've a good mind to spend my honeymoon in the Strand."



"Choc."



MISS NINA KING,

A MELODRAMATIC ACTRESS OF BEAUTY AND TALENT WHO LAMENTS THE DEATH OF THE ADELPHI.

(See "Musical and Theatrical Gossip.")

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

FIRST-CLASS CROQUET.

FIGHT FOR THE BEDDOW CUP AT SHEEN HOUSE CLUB.

OF lawn-games, such as could be played on a well-kept piece of turf in a good-sized garden, there were few in the early part of the last century. To this fact was due the warmth of the welcome accorded to croquet upon its appearance rather more than fifty years since. The game was voted exceedingly stupid by some, but with the great majority of those who had time and opportunity it grew in favour at an amazing pace, and ultimately became in vogue almost everywhere. For quite a score of years it enjoyed a remarkable degree of popularity.

The revival of croquet was a cry raised some ten years since, but it was not generally believed in, though the makers of croquet implements could, had they so chosen, have told of the steady receipt of orders. It soon became evident that the game had not entirely lost its hold on the public, and when, at the instigation of the late Mr. W. H. Peel, the

CROQUET ASSOCIATION

was founded, in 1894, the smouldering embers soon burst into flame. The Croquet Association possesses in Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. H. Needham

qualified to compete were those in what is known as the *minus* class, and they were found to number fourteen, but Mr. R. N. Roper (holder of the Championship), Mr. Corbally, Mr. Clement Powell, and Mr. Tivy were unable to take part, so the competition resolved itself into one between ten players, each of whom had to meet all the others. They were Mr. C. E. Willis, Miss Gower, Mr. W. W. Bruce, Mr. Bonham Carter, Mr. J. E. Austin, Mr. A. E. Beddow, Mr. C. D. Locock, Mr. F. W. Croft, Mr. Trevor Williams, and Mr. G. H. Woolston. Played at Sheen House, the home of the Croquet Association, the competition, concluded on Oct 7, came up to expectation, and resulted in a

VICTORY FOR MR. W. W. BRUCE,

amongst whose previous successes of the season have been the Sheen House Cup (Upper Division) and the All England L. T. and C. Club Gentlemen's Championship. His victory was narrowly accomplished, however, for, whereas he won fourteen of the eighteen matches in which he played, Miss Gower, Mr. Willis, and Mr. Locock each won thirteen. Miss Gower, who hails from South Wales, and is the present Lady Champion, has scarcely known defeat, and her crowning triumph was achieved when she won the Gold Medal of the Croquet Association from the gentlemen in July last. She had in the previous season secured the Ladies' Gold Medal, and her greater ambition was to hold also the Gold Medal, for which, until this year, only gentlemen had competed. No

Mr. Woolston.

Mr. B. Carter.

Mr. F. W. Croft.

Mr. Trevor Williams.



Mr. W. W. Bruce (winner).

Mr. J. E. Austin.

Mr. A. E. Beddow.

Miss Gower.

Mr. C. D. Locock.

Mr. C. E. Willis.

COMPETITORS IN THE CROQUET CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE BEDDOW CUP AT SHEEN HOUSE CLUB, PLAYED ON SATURDAY, OCT. 5.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUNN AND STUART, RICHMOND.

a Secretary whose enthusiasm is equalled only by his willingness to work and the undoubted excellence of his management. There is also a Committee, composed mainly of first-class players, and, though the qualities which make a good player and those which are necessary for success as an official are not always found together, there would seem to be a good deal of the much-to-be-desired combination in this instance. There is at least

ONE DRAWBACK

in connection with the modern system of play, and it amounts to this, that two players of equal merit may meet, and one, for want of opportunity, may have practically no chance of success. How to obviate this is a difficult matter, but it is one which is under consideration, and, with so many past-masters of the game as are included among the officials, amendment and improvement may be hopefully looked for in a game which is already one of excellent character. Taking the above-mentioned state of things into consideration, the idea of bringing the best players into opposition on what is known as the American plan was remarkably happy. It was conceived by Mr. A. E. Beddow, who, in order that his scheme might be carried out thoroughly, presented the "Champion" Cup, a valuable and handsome piece of plate. The players

other lady player had the temerity to follow her example, and that she was not over-ambitious was proved by her remarkable success, for she beat on her way Mr. F. E. D. Onslow, Mr. C. H. Heneage, Mr. R. N. Roper, Mr. G. H. Woolston, and, finally, Mr. C. D. Locock. In the recent Champion Cup competition it was necessary for the three who had tied to play off for second, third, and fourth prizes. Mr. Willis, who is one of the old school of players, beat both Miss Gower and Mr. Locock, and then the last-named—who, it may be mentioned, suffered defeat in the final of the Gold Medal alluded to—took some compensation this time in beating the lady player, who, accordingly, had to be content with fourth prize. Mr. Trevor Williams (beaten in 1899 in the final for the Championship by Mr. "Bonham Carter") was fifth, Mr. Beddow sixth, and Mr. F. W. Croft seventh. Mr. "Bonham Carter" (B. C. Eveleigh), a Champion in the old days and an ex-Champion of modern days, Mr. Woolston, a rising player, and Mr. Austin (Champion in 1900) tied for eighth place. If the experiences of the present year may be taken as a guide, it seems probable that croquet is again destined to hold a very prominent place among our outdoor games and pastimes. It depends largely upon the governing body, and they may be confidently expected to put forth their very best efforts to bring this to pass.

THE DUKE OF FIFE AS A DEER-STALKER.

DEER-DRIVING IN THE FOREST OF MAR.

THE King's popular son-in-law is not only a very keen sportsman and an expert shot, he is the owner of one of the finest deer-forests in the Highlands. Now that King Edward is at Balmoral, which lies to the east of the Duke's Forest of Mar, and deer-driving, which is His Majesty's favourite form of sport, may be resorted to, not only on the Royal forests of Balmoral, Ballochbuie and Abergeldie, but in the Mar Forest as well, it may be of interest to recall the main features of the Duke of Fife's place, which has in times past afforded splendid sport, and is to-day capable of yielding a larger number of great heads than almost any other forest in the Highlands, even taking its great size into the calculation.

The Forest of Mar is in the Braemar district of Aberdeenshire, in the heart of the county's forest-land. Not only is it in the centre of the forest districts, but the forests that march with it are owned or rented by Great Britain's wealthiest sportsmen, so that everything that can be done for the preservation and encouragement of game is done without regard to expense. To the south are the Duke of Atholl's splendid Forests of Athol and Fealar, the first shot by the Duke and the Earl of

Dudley, the second by Mr. Nigel Gurney. Balmoral lies to the east, and on the west is the Forest of Glenfeshie, for which Baron Schröder pays three or four thousand a-year to The Mackintosh and Sir George Macpherson-Grant. To the north lies the Glenavon Forest of the Duke of Richmond, and the north-eastern boundary reaches to Mr. Alexander Haldane Farquharson's fine Forest of Invercauld, leased by the Neumanns.

With these surroundings, the hundred-odd thousand acres of Mar Forest enjoy a seclusion that makes one vast sanctuary of the place and secures to the Duke and his guests the perfection of sport. The old Mar Lodge was burnt down some few years ago, but it has been replaced by a finer one, and Great Britain cannot show a better estate for sporting purposes, since grouse, black game, and ptarmigan abound on the high ground. The Dee supplies splendid salmon-fishing—the Duke is an expert angler—and the low ground is well preserved.

Deer-driving, a method by which more deer are brought to the gun than by stalking, is practised in very few of the Scottish forests, but it is done at Balmoral and in the Forest of Mar, and will probably be put into operation in Invercauld if the King goes there. Roe-buck, the pretty little deer of the lower lands, are often driven; the King is accustomed to have them driven at Abergeldie—it is quite a simple operation, and one that does little to disturb a forest, since the corries and high grounds are left alone. To drive the red-deer, on the other hand, is a very serious undertaking, possible only on very large estates

where labour is fairly plentiful, shooting is not prolonged, and expense doesn't matter at all. Procedure sounds simple, but there is nothing more difficult in the domain of sport. The deer, red and roe together, have to be driven past certain points that will bring them within range of the guns.

Now, the deer have devoted their lives to watching and nullifying the efforts of their enemy, man; they are highly sensitive, very nervous, and object strongly to be driven where they have no wish to go. Consequently, the driving is a most delicate affair; two or three clumsy beaters will undo the work of the finest forester that ever trod a Highland forest.

Some of our very great deer-stalkers of an earlier time took great exception to stalking, and would not practise it under any circumstance, one of the greatest declaring roundly that it was not sport. This was an extreme statement, and one that needs correction, for, though the man who can stalk his own deer without assistance or undue fatigue may say that he does not want his deer driven to him, it must be remembered that not one man in ten who goes to the Highland forests can either dispense with the stalker's assistance or understand the stalker's plan of campaign. Few people would be so unwise as to



THE DUKE OF FIFE, WHO OWNS THE GREAT DEER-FOREST OF MAR.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Albion Street, S.W.



A FINE STAG.

Photo by Reid, Wishaw.

declare that the man who follows blindly at his stalker's heels, doing as he is told without knowing or caring why, is more of a sportsman than the man who shoots a stag driven past him and going at the curiously disconcerting pace that leaves the gunner in doubt about the exact allowance to make for it.

The most valid objection to deer-driving is that it disturbs all the forest and frequently sends the red-deer miles away from their accustomed haunts. In small forests, this objection suffices to render deer-driving well-nigh impossible, and in the larger ones it results in the postponement of the drive to about the second week of October, when the stalkers have had their innings and it does not greatly matter if the deer are disturbed. In good years the stags are ready for the rifle by the third or fourth week in August, and the stalker can have nearly two months of his favourite sport, being out as often as the state of the weather and the extent of the forest permit.

By the time the days approach when he must leave the stags in peace, he will have many a memory of wasted days and baffled endeavours, and it is not altogether unnatural if he feels glad of the chance offered by a drive to get on comparatively even terms with some owner of big, branching antlers who has given him weary hours in the heat of August and September days with never a chance of a shot at the end of them.

The example set by His Majesty and followed by the Duke of Fife is likely to extend in time to all the great forests where it may be imitated without permanent prejudice to the herds. But few forests can hope to yield such results from deer-driving as are obtained in the Forest of Mar.



HINDS IN THE FOREST OF MAR.

Photo by Reid, Wishaw.

IN THE LIBRARY: TWO STRIKING WORKS OF FICTION.

REAL ROMANCE.

MR. GILBERT PARKER'S latest novel, "The Right of Way: Being the Story of Charley Steele and Another," published by Mr. Heinemann, is a genuine romance. In this book, the author returns to the land where were laid the scenes and incidents of his earlier works—French Canada. It is not too much to say that it was Mr. Parker who discovered the French-Canadian to us. The *habitants*, as the people of the Province of Quebec are often called, are in many respects quite a unique race, their predominating characteristics being simplicity, gaiety, good-humour, unchangeableness with regard to modes of life and thought, and fidelity to tradition.

As has been well said, the French-Canadian is "like a child standing in the morning of the world." It is amongst these people, then, and their homes, that Mr. Parker takes us in his new book, and he invests them all with romantic charm. He seems to intimate that this is the last book he will write with Quebec as the theatre of its action, but surely this will be a pity. Still, if he is determined to forsake this

picturesque part of the Dominion, his farewell to it in this novel must be said to be finely and nobly pronounced.

The story may be described as being in two parts: one, the shorter of the two, is the picture of a certain Montreal barrister, Charley, or "Beauty," Steele, a cynical, dare-devil creature, who looks out on life (through an eye-glass, of which, perhaps, too much is heard) with bold and quizzical stare; the other shows us the same man, self-exiled in a remote French-Canadian community, living out his days among the *habitants*. In the first part, Steele does not appeal very powerfully to our sympathies, but in the second he becomes a great and splendid figure. The latter, and by far longer, portion of "The Right of Way" is crowded with incidents, some of them, no doubt, a little improbable, but all vitally interesting, and all more or less concerned with the redemption of Steele. Of course, love plays an important part in this process.

A brilliant speech of Steele's, inspired, however, by the "bottle," wins him a wife. Years pass by, and he disappears in a drunken brawl. Lost to his wife, and dead to his old world, he works as a tailor in Chaudiere, where he falls in love with the village post-mistress. Her lot in life is humble, but she is a heroic soul. Mr. Parker has done nothing better than the portrait he gives of her. Steele's wife does not interest us in the least, but this French-Canadian peasant-girl is as fine a creation as any in contemporary fiction. In pure literary craftsmanship, Mr. Parker has few equals, and in deft presentment of strong, gripping, dramatic situations, none; but in the mere making of phrases, though not a few of his are striking enough, he has many rivals. In the drawing of Steele, and particularly of Rosalie Evantarel, the post-mistress of Chaudiere, Mr. Parker is at his best.

The book is certain to command success, both on account of the power of the story, considered merely as a tale, and also because of the artistry with which it is written. At the same time, it is irritating to come across such a sentence as this: "During the last two hours of the sitting the prisoner had looked at his counsel in despair, for he seemed *perfunctorily* conducting the case." The italics are mine. It is also annoying that Mr. Parker should almost invariably speak of an eye-glass as a "monocle." Still, these are but small blemishes on a really great and moving book.

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT AS CHAUCER.

IT is said that the circumstance of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's special position in the Civil Service—he is Keeper of the Land Revenue Records and Enrolments at St. Stephen's House, Westminster—was chiefly responsible for making him a writer of mediæval, romantic fiction. If such be the case, and it seems probable enough, then we are not ungrateful to the aforesaid Land Revenue Records and Enrolments. For, though their very names savour of the musty, dusty, and the legal side of life, no one can associate terms like these with any of the Keeper's literary work. And yet, there is something appropriate, too, in the fact that the man who wrote

"THE FOREST LOVERS"

should be styled "Keeper"—only, one would rather feel it proper and becoming to address him by some such "antient" title of dignity and

high honour as "My Lord Keeper," even as Elizabeth might have addressed her favourite statesman. One has but to read a page or two of our author's, and his "lordliness" is openly confessed.

The "New Canterbury Tales," a collection of short stories or "Little Novels," some of which have already appeared in magazines both in England and America, are supposed to be told by a company of pilgrims on their way to the famous shrine of St. Thomas, or, to put it after the author's manner,

"TO SEEK THE HEAD OF THOMAS."

To challenge comparison with Chaucer is, perhaps, a little daring even for a man so interpenetrated with his spirit as is our story-teller, but everyone will willingly admit that, if a new band of pilgrims were to set out for Canterbury, there is none better fitted than he to be its chronicler. In the company of Mr. Hewlett's pilgrims we travel from Winchester, their starting-point, "in the year of Christ's reign fourteen hundred and fifty."

All of these, except the fair maid Mawdley, tell a story upon the road to Canterbury to beguile the hours of the pilgrimage. The first to begin is the Scrivener, who himself had proposed they should tell stories "all in the manner of that noble clerk and fellow of my mystery, Master Geoffrey Chaucer." This tale, that of "The King and Countess Alys," is, perhaps, the best in the book, the Countess Alys herself being a

VERY NOBLE WOMAN OF A TYPE DEARLY BELOVED OF MR. HEWLETT.

"First, I shall tell you," said the Scrivener, "How the fair Countess Alys lived at Wark like a nesting bird." How the King, Edward III., fell in love with her, and how she triumphed over him in a game of chess, in which his royal ring and her honour were the stakes, makes very pretty reading, but the second and more tragic part of the story sounds deeper and deeper depths.

The second of the Tales, that of the Father Confessor, is even more in the mediæval vein than the first—it is a sort of version of the St. Antony story, in which Love visits the hermit, or "holy man," in his cell—a not uncommon subject of the half-religious romance. The third story is all of love, of fighting, and of the deaths of men—"So died, good friends, the right line of this honourable fighting house. . . . So also died that other house." The fourth Tale is told by the Prioress, and a

STRANGE, WEIRD, POWERFUL STORY IT IS.

It is concerned with the Jews and certain dreadful alleged practices of theirs in these bygone times. The story of the Shipman, Richard Smith, of Kingston-upon-Hull, to which the title of "The Cast of the Apple" is given, is another tale of love and fighting—and why not? For what else in the world filled the minds and hearts of the Knights and Ladys of Five Hundred Years Ago? Always love, always war—that is what the wizards of romance like Mr. Hewlett would have us believe, and, though deep down we don't quite believe it, yet we are fain to pretend we do.

The concluding Tale is that of the lovesick foot-page, Percival Perceforest, and is named "Eugenio and Galeotto." It is, perhaps, a trifle—to borrow a word in the Hewlett manner—"Italianate," reminding us rather of the "Decameron." Still, this does not really matter, for, though the setting of a story is not without its importance, yet, after all, the story's the thing. And here are six stories

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT,
AUTHOR OF "NEW CANTERBURY TALES."

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

FULL OF THE RED-BLOOD OF LIFE,

instinct with poetic feeling and charm, replete with incident and movement, and set forth with that special grace which is Mr. Hewlett's own. Certainly, they are to be read and remembered, these "New Canterbury Tales" (published by A. Constable and Co.).

THE HAYMARKET AT HOME.

BY "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."

LORD SALISBURY'S "Man in the Street" has still a few illusions—or rather, should I say, delusions?—left. And the greatest of these has regard to the puppets that tread the stage of his amusement. To him, for the most part, they still remain mysterious beings, despite modern journalism and modern self-advertisement. And I doubt whether he knows less of any players' private lives than of those of the Haymarket trinity of to-day.

Seeing Mr. Cyril Maude in character-part after character-part, he assumes that that actor is a person who can never take life seriously. Let me hasten to assure him of his mistake. I doubt whether there be anyone living who takes himself more seriously than Mr. Cyril Maude. The cares of Empire weigh less heavily on the shoulders of Mr. Chamberlain than the cares of the Haymarket on the head of "Squirrel." And he plays as hard as he works. Not that he is half so successful at play as he is when looking after his theatre. He can ride, shoot, fish, and play golf, but, though he is an enthusiast, he is no professor of any of these sports. He is, in fact, an amateur, in the French and English sense of the word at the same time. His eye-glass has a good deal to do with this fact, but he manages to keep it in on most occasions, though he is said to sleep without it. But, no matter what he is at, he is at it with all his might. Some people call him restless, but they are often jealous of his energy, which really is a little trying—at times. The only people who never find it so are Margery and Pam (which is short for Pamela), his daughters, who, if anything, excel him. "Dad" to them is the best that the world can offer, and all that he does is good. With Margery, the eldest, this is especially the case; she is his particular "pal." She hears his parts, shares his worries, and exults over his joys. She is very small, and only eleven, but she already threatens to become a serious rival to her charming mother. It being her mother's and father's one desire in life to keep her off "the boards," she is perpetually longing to be on them. She is the most natural child in the world, but she is always acting. And the play to her is the most solemn thing in life, more especially when it includes "Mum and Dad." When Miss Emery was playing in "The Lights of London," at the New Olympic, Mr. Barrett was considerably disturbed in one of his most rapturous moments by loud and pathetic appeals to "Mum" from the stage-box. The sight of her mother in rags was more than Margery could bear. "Pam" is a more stolid person; she is, indeed, a very philosopher in short frocks, with a supreme contempt for mankind in general and other people's opinions in particular. Margery and Pam are inseparables, but utterly dissimilar save in their affections; yet, together, they make the best audience in the world. They are great first-nighters—at the Haymarket—and no keener critics ever existed. As a rule, they refuse to hold conversation with you between the Acts, for they despise the popular verdict, even when they agree with it. They always think "Dad" is right—and he generally is.

Mr. Cyril Maude (his nickname of "Squirrel," by the way, is only an adaptation of his Christian name, for he is not a very shy person), being a popular Actor-Manager, with a thousand friends, two Clubs, and half-a-hundred relations, finds his best recreation at 33, Egerton Crescent, which Master John, *at* six months, has made rather small for the Maude *ménage*. The houses in Egerton Crescent are essentially snug, but they are not very large. Yet, despite two daughters, a son, an Irish

terrier, surnamed Pat, who growls fiercely at everyone except the inmates of the house, a diminutive terrier, called Moses, who deeply resents the advent of John, and a parrot, Mr. and Mrs. Maude are loth to leave this part now. They came there before the days of management, and they look like remaining there till the days of retirement shall come.

Days of retirement are those to which Miss Winifred Emery looks forward most of all. Unlike the creature of the author of the penny novelette, the glare of the footlights has less charms for her than the beams of the sun, and I dare swear that she prefers darning socks to receiving compliments. At any rate, she will tell you so, if you know her well, and women are invariably honest. As a matter of absolute fact, she is the soul of domesticity, and will discuss the price of butter with you far more readily than her Press notices; for the latter she never reads. She has, indeed, a wholesome contempt for the newspapers, and the interviewer has the same effect upon her as that attributed to holy water upon his Satanic Majesty.

She does not care to talk "shop," and after a first-night she drives away so soon as politeness will permit. Miss Emery, in a word, has a full knowledge of the value of "fair-weather friends," consequently her intimates have always been with her in times of trouble. She is devoted to her children, and until the advent of John paid "Moses" considerable attention. Yet, though her affection for pugs is great, she has never owned one since the death of "Tumps" and "Tinker," two creatures whose snorts were as music to her soul. Miss Emery is extremely emphatic, and the artistic temperament is hers to the very finger-tips, but she is not so nervous as her husband, upon whom a first-night has had the same effect as a Channel crossing. To sum up, Miss Emery is essentially a woman—consequently, it is among her own sex that she finds her greatest adorers, though she is the admired of us all.

But I had almost forgotten Mr. Frederic Harrison. Him, I would defy anyone to describe, save as the soul of politeness. The worst dead-head of them all is treated by him just as His Majesty King Edward treats one of his "right trusty and well-beloved cousins." Indeed, to be refused a seat by Mr. Harrison has been said to be tantamount to receiving a lesson in the perfect art of letter-writing. He bows over the hand of an extra-lady as Beau Brummel used to bend before a Bath belle. He is, in fact, "a very parfit gentleman," whose dress-clothes are no bar to business. He is a better man of affairs than an actor, and when he is told so he smiles, for he can afford to. When he is not at the Haymarket, he is fencing; and when he is not fencing, he is at the Bath Club; and when he is not at the Bath Club, he is at the Conservative; and when he is not in town, he is generally on a small yacht. He once had

leaning towards the Church, but the stage proved the greater attraction, and he is the embodiment of the much-desired combination. So good a fellow is he that you would have to walk the Strand from end to end and still look for a man to abuse him. Very few people call him "Fred," except "Cyril," in whom he has a profound belief; but one or two call him "Frederico," and it is a question whether he likes it or not. Mr. Harrison takes a great deal of knowing, but you know him best when you think you know him least.

All of which goes to prove that "The Haymarket at Home" is a very happy family. Of the Haymarket abroad you can judge night by night at the rising of the curtain.

NOTE.

The Sketch is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE ("SQUIRREL"),
WHO HAS RETURNED TO THE HAYMARKET WITH THAT TRIUMPHANTLY SUCCESSFUL PLAY,
"THE SECOND IN COMMAND."

Reproduced by courteous permission of "Vanity Fair."

SOME SPANISH DANCERS.

FROM time to time, London prepares to greet some Spanish dancer whose success posters, advertisers, and puffs-preliminary do their best to ensure. The appointed night arrives, bringing with it to the stage of

EMPIRE, ALHAMBRA, OR PALACE THEATRE

some beautiful woman whose costumes were created in Paris and whose jewels were gathered in half the Capitals of the Great Powers. She



AN ENGLISH DANCER: MISS ALLEN, A PRETTY GAIETY PERFORMER.

Photo by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.

starts her performance with some song, sometimes a song of the people of Andalusia, sung with harsh indifference to time and tune. Then she dances, gives us what the programme calls "Spanish" dances, measures no Spaniard would tolerate for five minutes. To tell the truth, they are sometimes not Spanish dances at all—they are a more or less vulgar mixture of French steps and Spanish attitudes. Watching them, I wonder at the contentment of the audience, and still more at the impudence of the dancer.

IN SPAIN, DANCERS ARE BORN.

From San Sebastian to Malaga, from Valencia di Aleantara to Barcelona, you will find them in every village. Sometimes their fame extends to the nearest big town, and the visitor who is known to admire and understand good dancing will be advised to visit some remote village to which the rail does not run, in order to see Juanita or Mercedes or Pepita who has brought honour to her province by her performance of its special dances. I have travelled far into the country to find some forgotten town on whose tiny plaza a barn, called by courtesy a theatre, serves the local talent. The national taste for the dance has made

THE POOREST SPANISH WOMEN GRACEFUL.

Even in the manufacturing districts, where the conditions of life are very hard, the women have a more graceful carriage and a better walk than obtain in Western Europe. Compare, for example, the women who flock in their hundreds to the great tobacco-factory of Seville, best known to England through Bizet's "Carmen," with the women who troop into a factory in Lyons or Birmingham. The poorest, least-attractive Sevillana is far removed from her sister of France or England.

DANCING HAS MADE THE DIFFERENCE.

Spanish cities have their cafés where you can sit at your ease and watch dancing in the intervals of your coffee or manzanillas. Large towns can support a troupe or two, as Seville used to do in the old days of the Burrero and in the latter days of the café on the Rioja, where, but a few weeks ago, I saw some excellent dancing that would have escaped the Censorship in London only because the Censor would not understand the true significance of movements and poses.

In big Spanish towns, I find a tendency to make the dances more like those of the Arabs, just as London makes its Spanish dancing French.

The Arab dances practised all along the Mediterranean Coast of Africa are not fit for European atmosphere or audiences. I have seen them in Africa and in the Levant, where they have seemed ordinary enough, but in Madrid they become altogether objectionable, and, as the Spaniards in big cities are decadent, one must go to the country to see the best and purest Spanish dancing.

AT MALAGA, RONDA, GRANADA—

out of the Season—and Jerez de la Frontera, the dances supply one of the greatest attractions of the daily life. Just as our children of the suburbs gather round a barrel-organ, so their Southern sisters gather to the sound of the guitar when the coolness of the night enables them to forget the heat that preceded it, and the long day's work in house or on olive-farm and vineyard is at an end. Every province has its special measures, and boys and girls dance together. Night after night the dances take place in the country, sometimes arranged in honour of a passing traveller, more often given to speed the long hours pleasantly. The key-note of movement is the curve; feet are never raised in the French and English fashion, but

THE BODY SWAYS GRACEFULLY

in countless postures, and the arms and hands play a part that English dancers, at least, seem unable to understand. By the time the girl who has danced since she was old enough to run has reached womanhood, she is the very incarnation of gracefulness.

Only when a dancer has made a name does she lose her art. There comes a day when the report of her gifts spreads to the towns. She is sent to

MADRID OR BARCELONA OR SEVILLE,

where an agent of Paris, Vienna, or London comes along and engages her for the Capital whose variety theatres he represents. Straightway she is called upon to modify her dances, wear another style of costume, live another life. Under the new conditions she struggles for a little time with varying success. Then the old desire to dance for the sake of dancing passes away with the sun that nourished it; the hot theatre, with its bizarre decorations and universal unreality, takes the place of the larger theatre whose roof was heaven and whose head-lights were the stars. She loses some of her grace, and acquires—fame. She is feted in half-a-dozen Capitals. Perhaps a great artist paints her portrait, or the owner of a celebrated name drags it through the mire for her sake.



AN ENGLISH DANCER: MISS MABEL LOVE, WHO PIROUETTES GRACEFULLY IN "THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN," AT THE CENTURY THEATRE.

Photo by Sarony, New York.

Finally, London calls her; she names her own price and comes. In the full blaze of the lights, before a huge audience anxious to appreciate, she demonstrates unmistakably that she has abandoned or forgotten her dancing and retained only the power of graceful movement that is hers by right of birth.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

SOME SPANISH DANCERS.



A. MADRILEÑA.



A. SEVILLANA.



FROM RONDA.



A. MALAGUEÑA.

THE ROYAL ROUTE ACROSS CANADA.

A TRIP ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

ACROSS Canada! What a glorious vision of sun-steeped prairie-lands and glittering, snow-capped mountain-peaks is conjured up by these words, for the charm of contrast chains the senses of the traveller captive as he is carried along the transcontinental line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, from the eastern city of Montreal to the western port of Vancouver, where out through the Lion-guarded gateway of the "Narrows" tall-masted ships sail away to the Orient over the sunny summer sea.

Boarding the "Imperial Limited" train, which traverses the continent in a hundred hours, the way lies first up the banks of the Ottawa River, then along the rocky shores that border Lake Superior, and on past the wild, fire-swept tracts over which, in 1870, Wolseley led his army for five hundred miles to suppress a rebellion of the half-breeds on Red River, but where in this year of grace 1901 men are busily searching for the precious metals and finding them in abundance.



LOOP IN THE SELKIRKS, SHOWING FOUR TRACKS.

where the square-fronted, massive cliffs and sheer precipices tower up over eight thousand feet above the track. Down between the ledges, silvery streams of water fall and veil the sharp features of the boulders, singing in varying cadences songs of softest melody, as if to deprecate the harsh expression of the stone bastions behind whose rugged walls the sun sinks to rest in a blaze of golden glory.

When twilight deepens and the moonbeams gently touch the snow-crowned head of Mount Sir Donald (so called after Lord Stratheona and Mount Royal, the High Commissioner for Canada), glint along the back of the White Goat, or Asulkan Glacier, and then pour in a gleaming flood down over the billowy formations of the Great Glacier itself, we see the Selkirk Range steeped in all the witchery of a British Columbian summer's night, as the stars shine out like silver lilies upon the blue pond of Heaven. Darkly the bands of venerable fir-trees that trim the timber-line loom up against the glittering spires where eternal snows lie thick and white; and down the lower, conifer-covered slopes of the hills, sharp-seythe-cut by the sweep of ice-born cascades, there comes the faint, aromatic breath of the upland pines, wafted along on the wings of a wayward breeze.

The marvellous twists and turns of the "Loops," by which the train descends from the Glacier Chalet Hotel down into the Illicilliwaet Valley, where the river is bordered by a plant of the Ginseng family, the terrible "Devil's Club," form one of the most interesting portions of the transcontinental trip, for here the tracks occasionally parallel one another, scarcely a stone's-throw apart. Truly it is a sight for gods and railway-men.

From Glacier to North Bend, in the heart of the Fraser Cañon, is a long jump, but, alas! space in this column is more limited than the area of the Great Canadian West, and so I must perforce pass over in silence many picturesque and unique spots. Imagine a matchless gorge, into which the engine dashes, whirling past curves, now wriggling round a granite spur, now rushing through short tunnels that pierce the larger promontories. At both sides of the Cañon the mountains tower up, whilst two hundred feet below the ledge on which the line runs the Fraser River boils and swirls, dashing its foam against either bank in mad rebellion at the narrow confines of the rocky gulch, on through Hell's Gate, where the cliffs close in, and the whirlpools hiss and sizzle, and the train whistles in exultation at man's triumph over Nature—the triumph of the engineer over precipice, wood, and water.

At last we come to Vancouver, the western terminus of the railway and the great commercial and shipping centre of the Province of British Columbia, a city of splendid progress and development. At the beginning of 1886 there was no Vancouver. The primeval forest and a few log shanties alone marked the spot where to-day (only fifteen years later) there stands a well-laid-out town of some thirty-five thousand inhabitants.



INTERIOR OF SNOW-SHED.

A great, rolling ocean of short grass, embroidered with brilliant-hued blossoms, and broken here and there by low, undulating hills that hold in close embrace the shallow pools so grateful to the herds of cattle, a fringe of faded trees, a clump of vivid-green saplings near by a lonely farmstead standing on its patch of freshly turned soil—such is a fleeting impression of the vast steppes of Manitoba. An antelope! Many a one may be seen from the windows of the railway-car, also wild geese, swans, snipe, plover, and water-fowl, constituting a veritable sportsman's El Dorado, as the train rushes onward past the innumerable settlements of the district: Regina, the headquarters of the North-West Mounted Police, and, farther on, Calgary, the home of the Cow-boy and the Cattle King.

Through the Gap into the Rocky Mountains, the Paradise of the mountaineer and the true lover of Nature in her noblest attitude. On either side the lofty crags of Castle Mountain, Temple Mountain, Lefroy, and Mount Hector guard the trail of the "iron horse" as it pursues its journey westward amidst scenery the grandeur of which impresses even whilst it impresses the stranger with a sense of awe,



THE CITY OF VANCOUVER.

From Photographs by Notman and Son, Montreal.



THE ROYAL ROUTE ACROSS CANADA: THE FRASER CAÑON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN AND SON, MONTREAL.

MISS EVIE GREENE, IN "KITTY GREY,"

PROVES THAT IT IS POSSIBLE TO REMOVE A FROCK GRACEFULLY IN SIGHT OF THE AUDIENCE





MISS EVIE GREENE AS KITTY GREY, AT THE APOLLO THEATRE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELIAS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W

HORS D'OEUVRES.

Autumn Drama—“San Toy” unto the Third and Fourth Generation—“Hall” and Theatre—The Pit and Gallery Problem—The County Council: its Exits and its Entrances—“Morality” Plays—Cycling at the Music-Halls.

THE autumn theatrical season may now be said to have set in in its full severity. Mr. Tree has just reached his “twelfth night” at Her Majesty’s, Mr. Wyndham is playing at Wyndham’s, the “Second in Command” has resumed active service at the Haymarket after a reconnaissance in force round the provinces. Becky sharps and Pitt Crawley crawls and Rawdon roars nightly at the Prince of Wales’s to crowded houses. Sherlock has made himself perfectly at Holmes at the Ly—; but nay, I shall not taint these pages with any more degrading puns.

“San Toy” appears to have taken another few years’ lease of the ground, and the chances are about level as to whether it or the War will be over the sooner. Perhaps, about 1906 a curtain-raiser might be put on to sustain the interest, or the cast eventually be given old-age pensions and a new generation engaged, Mr. George Edwardes’s descendants carrying on the play to enthusiastic audiences.

An excellent innovation of this autumn has been that at the Court Theatre of presenting three or four music-hall “turns”—a conjurer, a dancer or two, and a comic singer—before the evening settles down to the play itself. There is no doubt that drama has become dreadfully hackneyed in form. “The play’s the thing,” though an admirable maxim in Shakspere’s time, is totally out of date. Why not introduce a little variety by announcing Sir Henry Irving, “preceded at 8.15 by Signor Balancini, Italian upside-down billiard-ball juggler,” or putting on a performing ichneumon in front of “Twelfth Night,” at Her Majesty’s? For that matter, why not a cycling-sensationalist as the *pièce de résistance* at the Lyceum, with some amusing trifle like “The Bells” or “Hamlet” as a *lever de rideau*?

About a year ago, a somewhat similar system was tried with music. A concert of about three-quarters of an hour in length was given before the curtain rose, and those who felt tired could have an enjoyable evening’s entertainment and yet leave the theatre before the play began. The fact is that the amusement of the pit and gallery is a delicate problem. Numbering their seats was tried and found wanting. They must be admitted early. Consequently, something must be performed to prevent them brooding over being the pit and gallery, to distract their attention from the miseries of their existence, and tame their animal propensities towards faction-fights, manager-“boozing,” abuse of the attendants, and the ignition of fireworks.

The extraordinary demand for more theatres is a mystery if theatrical management is as unprofitable and as many establishments as near bankruptcy as alleged. After all, if people pay highly for the privilege of ruining themselves, it is a private matter which it would be impertinent for outsiders to inquire into. Yet the rents of theatres are as high as if they were flats on the route of the Coronation procession, let out at £5 pounds a square yard. A theatre can be rented at, say, £80 a week and sublet at £200. And the County Council requirements are becoming so exacting that a separate entrance will soon be demanded for almost every adult in the audience, and each seat will be provided with a fire-hose and a gangway of its own.

Last year there was a furore for the “problem” play—so-called; the “problem” could have been written by a child, if he were naughty enough. The “Message from Mars” was the only piece a young girl could conscientiously take her mother to see. Five or six new and distinct varieties of immorality were invented and put on the stage. Contrast the present Reign of Innocence. No doubt, there are parts of the plot of “Iris” which would demand circumlocution in describing to a Sunday School, and “Becky Sharp,” at the Prince of Wales’s, has a “present” and apparently a “future,” but this is at least more open and above-board than a “past.” The woman with the latter has declined several points in popularity. This particular potato-patch appears to have been overcropped and has to lie fallow. The vast majority of the pieces running this autumn might be called “morality plays”—a welcome revival of an old-fashioned form of entertainment.

It is extraordinary how the potato-patch is worked by the music-halls, is tilled furiously for a few months, and then left to wither, a blighted and neglected wilderness. The serpentine dancer, the high-diver, the coin-manipulator, the strong man are in turn momentarily cultivated by the “halls” at enormous expense, just as the theatres vie with each other in “presenting” some new and interesting felony before it becomes unfashionable and out-of-date. The Sandowistic dispensation has been a long one, but it is now seriously threatened by the era of the cycling sensation—the main attraction at present at several different music-halls simultaneously (each of which advertises “the smallest track in the world,” by the way!).

HILL ROWAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I HEAR that the latest phase of the American invasion is a strong attempt on the part of the Book-Lover’s Library of America to start circulating libraries on the great scale all over England. The Book-Lover’s Library started about a year ago in Philadelphia, and has been one of the most rapid successes in the land of phenomenal “booms.” At the present time, it has branches in forty-six American cities and three in Canada, and its boast that it is probably the largest book-buying firm in the world is, from what I have seen of its workings, well founded. It has lately started a Book-Lover’s Reading Club, which promises to have an enormous membership. Fifty courses of reading have been arranged, and many of the most eminent authorities have contributed lectures, outlines, and suggestions for the various courses. The great boast of the Book-Lover’s Library is that it sends out only absolutely clean books. They are delivered free at the houses in almost any part of the country.

The *American Critic* prints a series of curious letters which throw some light upon the domestic affairs of the Carlyles. They are addressed by Mrs. Carlyle to “Jessie,” who was servant at the Carlyles in the middle ’sixties. Here is a characteristic touch quoted from a letter engaging the servant—

I have written in a great hurry, having an appointment at some distance, and in great pain, you would not think of without being told—that cat!—I wish she were dead! But I can’t shorten her days, because, you see, my poor, dear, wee dog liked her! Well, there she is, and, as long as she attends Mr. C. at his meals (she doesn’t care a snuff of tobacco for him at any other times!), so long will Mr. C. continue to give her bits of meat and driblets of milk, to the ruin of the carpets and hearth-rugs! I have over and over again pointed out to him the stains he has made, but he won’t believe them her doing. And the dining-room carpet was so old and ugly that it wasn’t worth rows with one’s husband about! Now, however, that nice, new cloth must be protected against the cat-abuse. So what I wish is that you would shut up the creature when Mr. C. has breakfast or dinner or tea. And if he remarks on her absence, say it was my express desire. He has no idea what a selfish, immoral, improper beast she is, nor what mischief she does to the carpets.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn’s new novel is to be called “The Old Knowledge.” The plot of the story hinges upon the experiences of an English girl who goes to stay by herself in the cottage of a Donegal peasant.

Ireland is certainly to the fore in the autumn books. One of the most pleasing of all the publications dealing with that distressful country will be “The Isle of the Shamrock,” by Clifton Johnson, whose beautifully illustrated books, “Along French Byways” and “Among English Hedgerows,” have proved so deservedly popular.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe’s new novel, “Mistress Barbara,” will be read with particular interest by those who know anything of the conditions of life in the woollen-mills of Yorkshire. The story centres around a great fight between the masters and men in the woollen-mills.

A smart idea has been adopted by the publishers of a new American Society novel. They have asked twelve of the best-known artists of the day to picture their conception of the heroine of the story. Every reader is invited to choose from the pictures the one which, in his judgment, is the best conception of the heroine, and to indicate the order in which the others rank. The person whose choice comes nearest to the list of the majority will win the prize of £100. Truly, as an American critic says, “The Patent Medicine School of Literature” seems to be spreading every day. It has even come to this—in a publisher’s note recently received it is coyly announced that a new historical novel is actually to be published on the author’s birthday.

Mrs. Meynell is giving lectures during her tour in America. She is confining herself mostly to American Colleges. Her subject is the Transition Period in Poetry from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century.

The author of “Elizabeth and her German Garden” has scarcely succeeded in writing a novel, but she has once more produced a delightfully readable book in “The Benefactress.” It is full of the sparkle and wit which have distinguished her previous books, but I am afraid that the average reader will think that her pictures of German life are really caricatures. From personal experience, I should be inclined to call them rather idealistic than realistic. Pastor Manske is really a perfect picture of a German country clergyman, and I could find his prototype in a dozen villages I have visited. Perhaps the best summing-up of his character is given by the “Benefactress” when she says—

What did it matter if he talked twice as much as he need have done, and wearied her with his habit of puffing Christianity as though it were a quack medicine of which he was the special patron? He was sincere, he really believed something, and really felt something.

I have marked quite a number of bright and piquant sayings from “The Benefactress,” but have only room for one, which is eminently characteristic of the author’s somewhat bitter-sweet humour—

Anna thought Trudi delightful. Trudi’s new friends always did think her delightful, and she never had any old ones.

Incidentally, “The Benefactress” contains the first satisfactory translation of the very favourite German expression, “Na, Na!”—

“Na, Na!” was Karlchen’s reply; a reply whose English equivalent would be a profoundly sceptical wink.

Sienkiewicz is at work on a historical novel which has for its subject Napoleon I. and the Polish Legions.

o. o.

MISS FANNY BROUH.

IT is a pretty sure sign of the settled popularity of a stage-player when a certain class of character becomes identified with his or her name. It is not always, nor, indeed, often, that the player thus associated lacks variety or versatility, but that, owing to the marked success made by the said histrion in this or that "line of business," such characters become, like those lands possessed by certain magnates alluded to by the Psalmist of old, "called after their own names." Thus it comes to pass that in successive eras of stage history one hears of a Burbage part, a Betterton part, a Hart part, a Colley Cibber, Spranger Barry, Woffington, Macready, Edmund Kean, Phelps, or Irving part. Hence, too, with regard to the talented lady who is the subject of these jottings from a playgoing memory, one hears very often of "a Fanny Brough part." Indeed, I have known of more than one popular playwright who, whether he knows that this popular actress can possibly be in his cast or not, always labels a certain class of high-comedy character with this lively little lady's name.

You all know, of course, what "a Fanny Brough part" is. It is not so easy to describe it in cold ink, however. One can only indicate

wondered that this alert young girl should start in so "serious" a department of her profession.

For some few years, however, after that, little Fanny Brough, then getting on for womanhood, still clung fondly to the sentimental-heroine business. It seems strange now to think that among these sedate impersonations of hers were such characters as the tearful, dependent Clara Douglas in that stilted coat-and-trousers play, "Money," by Bulwer Lytton (whom Thackeray delighted to satirise under the name of "Mr. Bulwig"). This was at the old Prince of Wales's, which the Banerots transformed out of the early Victorian Queen's Theatre, so long and fondly known as the "Dusthole," a house where many of us playgoers of what friend Clement Scott calls "the Old Brigade" gloated o' nights o'er many a blood-and-thunder melodrama.

Another strange heroine represented by the then still "serious" Fanny Brough was one in a very muddled melodrama, entitled "Forced from Home," written by the late W. G. Wills for the old Holborn Theatre, where it was speedily forced from the stage.

Anon, Miss Brough migrated to the Gaiety, but not, as one might think, to become comic at last. No, she appeared there in the late Tom Robertson's Lady Clara Vere de Vere play, "Dreams," in which Alfred Wigan played the befooled hero and Miss Madge Robertson (soon



MISS FANNY BROUH AT HOME.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

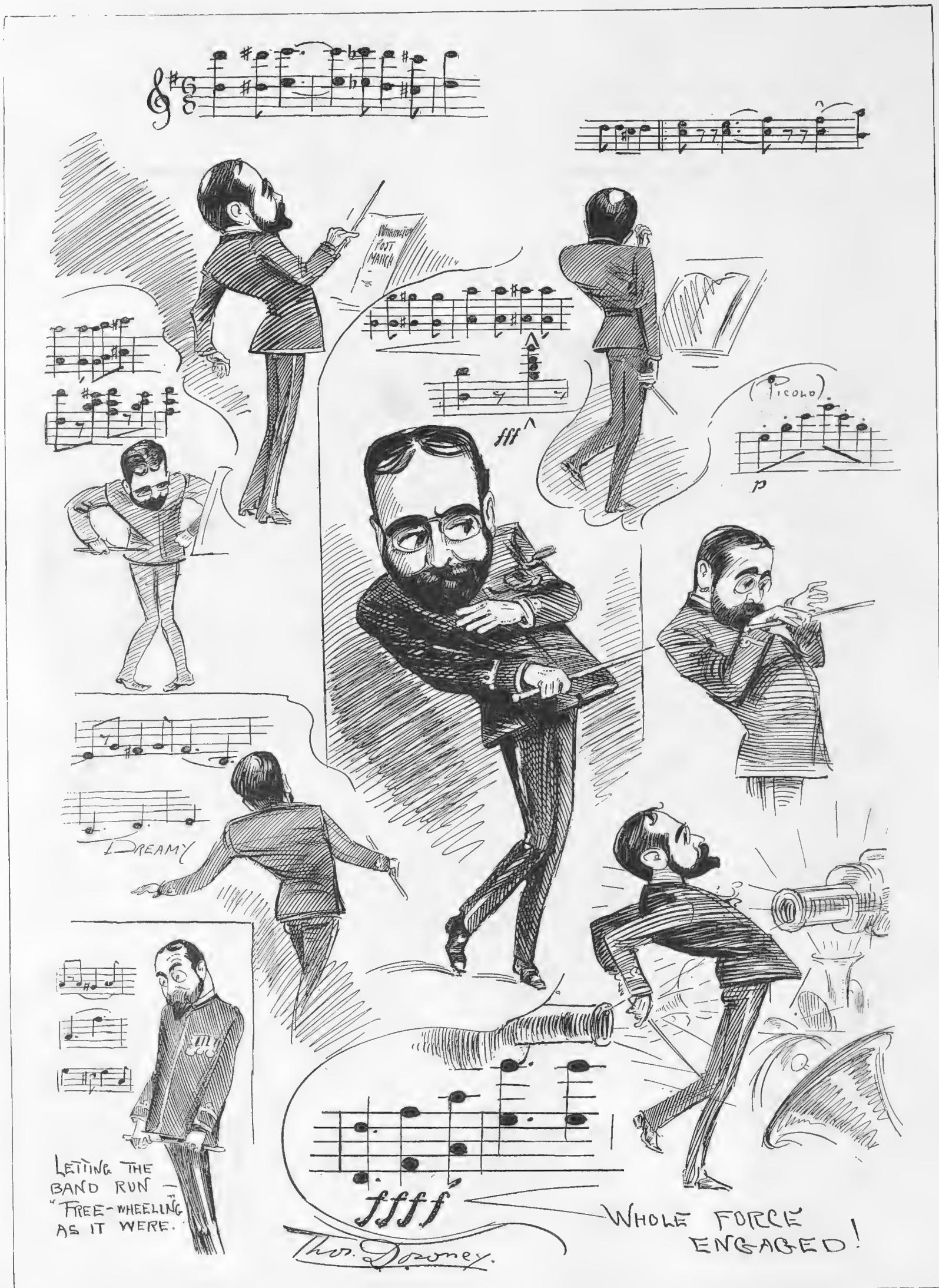
that such a phrase implies a very humorous, highly strung, quick-brained, quick-tongued, devoted but defiant wife or sweetheart thoroughly on her dignity, kind to a fault: indeed, a woman in every way worthy—and well dressed—but mostly "on wires."

Perhaps the best examples of this kind of character written for Miss Brough have been the respective wives she played in Mr. Pinero's clever but not quite too utterly convincing comedy, "The Times"; "Mrs. Othello," as adapted by Mr. Arthur Shirley and the late Fred Leslie; the perplexed young wife in "Our Flat"; the delightful Irish sweetheart in "Harvest"; and the baffled match-maker in Miss Clo. Graves's smart comedy, "A Mother of Three." In this last, Miss Brough had to don certain articles of male attire, and very successfully she donned them.

It may seem news to some, but, like most truly humorous comedians, Fanny Brough at one time thought herself intended by nature to play sentimental heroines. As a matter of fact, her first appearance in London, when she was but midway in her teens, was as the name-part in Sutherland Edwards's adaptation of Sardou's "Fernande," at the St. James's, soon after Mrs. John Wood started her management thereof. The play was so dull that it soon drooped and died, which it might not have done if it had possessed some such character as Miss Brough plays nowadays. Even then, some of us who watched the play, and who were acquainted with the Brough traditions,

afterwards Mrs. Kendall) enacted the beautiful and befooling heroine. But it was, of course, not to be expected that this humorous daughter of the humorous Robert Brough (comic essayist, comic poet, comic artist, and comic travestee writer), and niece of William Brough, the highly humorous extravaganza writer, and of Lionel Brough, most humorous of comedians, could long forbear from bursting forth into the family humour. And so, at length, Fanny Brough, like her brother, the now celebrated Australian manager, Robert Brough, gave full vent to that "Comic Spirit," as George Meredith calls it. It was Uncle Lionel who had long watched over his clever niece in her stage-work, and had, indeed, helped her forward in every way from the time of the death of her gifted but giddy father, which occurred when little Fanny was but in short frocks and little socks.

All *Sketch*-reading playgoers have reason to gratefully remember the many delightful hours whiled away during Miss Brough's droll impersonations. She has lately been playing a strong if over-saucy character in "The Giddy Goat," at Terry's. Like many another character which has been allotted to her, it was far beneath her rich comic powers. I may tell Miss Brough's multitudinous admirers (and herself), however, that I know of more than one dramatist who has his play-writing eye upon her for future business, and it is, therefore, to be hoped that this excellent comedian will anon again have full scope for her histrionic gifts.



AN IMPRESSION OF SOUSA CONDUCTING THE "WASHINGTON POST" AT THE ALBERT HALL.

Louie
Freeear



MISS LOUIE FREEEAR AS THE SERVANT-GIRL IN "A CHINESE HONEYMOON,"
AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A ROYAL BETROTHAL.

BY CLO. GRAVES.



HO does not know San Salino; that Southern seaboard Elysium where health- and pleasure-seekers of all types, grades, degrees, and nationalities do congregate, arrayed in bath-towelling, shod with rope sandals, and crowned with broad-leaved palm-leaf hats? Here the Bordeaux merchant lays down his cares, oblivious of the rise in glucose or the increased import-tax on logwood. Here the American millionaire shifts for a while the burden of his millions, the English Peer is said

to occasionally forget that he is Somebody, and here the Crowned Heads of Europe play at being Nobodies with more or less success.

The high, yellow cliffs that guard the coast are honeycombed with caves and broken by sandy bays and little coves, rock-girt Avalons of pine-and-sea-scented healing and repose. Before you, the Atlantic thunders upon miles of jagged reefs, and, behind, the verdurous country undulates to the pine-clad foothills of the Pyrenees. The harbour lies on the southern side of a grim promontory crowned by the ruins of a Saracen Castle and the *Etablissement des Bains*, and the Casino, the theatre, and the sandy golf-links have in the Season—a comprehensive one—their crowds of devotees. Beyond the town, with its huge hotels and cosmopolitan boarding-houses, set in cactus-starred, ilex-shaded gardens, are the bungalows and villas of Monarchs, Crowned and Uncrowned. There is a sheltered cove on the northern side of the castled promontory which is in especial favour with children, and here two little people, a grave, fair boy of eight and a black-eyed girl of seven, found themselves alone one June day. On the bronze-coloured border of wet sand left by the retreating tide the girl was dancing, some shells of the razor-fish serving her as castanets, clicking the accompaniment to her improvised *cachucha*.

"Snow, snow!" she sang; "Fairy snow!" as the breakers thundered on the honeycombed reef-ridges and spent themselves in hissing sheets of dazzling whiteness.

The boy, who wore a bonnet of Basque tartan upon his fair curls, a crimson string sash about his coarse linen blouse, and peasant-shoes of rope upon his slim, bare feet, stood looking doubtfully at the girl, who danced on to her shell-music, and seemed to take no heed of him. She, too, wore a short, loose frock of unbleached linen, but it was curiously embroidered at the throat, hem, and sleeves with silk of bright, barbaric hues, and gaudy tassels adorned her hempen footgear. Her slim, brown arms and legs, like the fair limbs of the boy, were bare, and her rich chestnut-brown locks danced as she did, without restraint, for her broad-leaved palm hat had fallen off and lay upon the sands, where the little pink crabs were scuttling amidst the ripple-marks, and the air-bubbles of hidden shell-fish quivered and shone like bells of crystal in the hot, bright sunshine.

"Fairy snow!" she went on singing; "Fairy, fairy, fairy snow!" The boy was not sure whether he liked her or not. Certainly she was pretty—but, then, to dance like one of the Basque peasant-girls, out in the open air upon the sands, with the sky and the sea and the cliff-martens looking on! It seemed "unbecoming." That was a word the boy was weary of. It was ever on the lips of his governors and tutors. Only that morning Professor X. had used it because the boy had made a little, little mistake in geography. . . . "It is unbecoming, your Majesty." Ah! the boy could hear the pedagogue's grating voice and see his long, hooked nose as plainly as one does see and hear things one hates to remember! "Your Majesty must be aware that it is unbecoming that a Monarch should be inadequately informed as to the extent of the Colonial possessions pertaining to his Crown. Your Majesty will condescend to write 'The Laffarin Islands' in your copy-book fifty times over." For the fair, pale boy of eight was the King of Iberia, and the small hand that played with a Basque stick, oddly ornamented in the peasant fashion with rings of metal, would one day wield a sceptre. He was weary of lessons and lectures, and that day seemed very dim and far-off; but the sun was shining and there were lovely shells and weeds lying on the sands at his very feet, and one could forget the multitude of things that were unbecoming if one had someone to play with. At home, at the Palace, there was Enrique, the head-gardener's son, who sometimes was allowed to share the King's amusements. Enrique, too, talked of things that were "unbecoming," and was a dull, tame kind of boy; but, when one had no other boy to play with, even Enrique was better than nobody. He wondered what Enrique would have thought of this queer little dancing girl. Then, for courtesy was a branch of education in which the King had never needed instruction, he moved forward and picked up the hat that lay upon the sands, beside the print of a tiny foot half-filled with sea-water.

As the King did this, the girl-child stopped dancing, tossed back her curls, and smiled. At least, there was a gleam of small white teeth between the scarlet lips as the King took off his bonnet with a pretty

grace and held the hat out to her, saying in French, "It was getting wet, Mademoiselle, lying there; and that out beyond"—he pointed to the breakers—"is not snow, only foam. And—there are no such things as fairies. They do not exist—"

"Ah, bah! As if I did not know that!" said the girl, still panting from the dance. Her eyes were of an odd agate-colour and fringed with wonderfully thick black lashes, and her chestnut-coloured eyebrows were traced on her delicate temples as though a fine pencil had drawn them. And her flushed face was like a ripe nectarine. "One pretends—when one wishes to amuse oneself. And here it is so *triste* and dull!"

The King opened his blue eyes at this. She had seemed so happy, and all the while she had been pretending! Now, she cried out with admiration—that seemed quite unfeigned, "Oh, *la, la!* The stick—the lovely stick! Who gave you that?"

"It is a Basque stick, Mademoiselle," the King explained. "The peasants make them, and I bought this—it was not given to me." He stopped, for the girl's eyes asked for it, begged for it, entreated for it, coaxed for it.

"Monsieur, I beg of you, let me have it in my hands! How pretty it is! How happy you must be to possess such a stick!" She hugged it to her breast, as though she could not part with it, and, though the gaudy, new possession was dear to the boy, he yielded it.

"Keep it, Mademoiselle." He did not say "I will buy another," for they kept him very short of pocket-money, and permission to spend what he received was a concession gained with trouble. "To fritter away money upon trifles is unbecoming a King." To break or spoil or give those trifles away was unbecoming also. But to refuse a lady's request, that would be impossible, the King felt. And the agate eyes asked, if the red lips did not.

"You may keep the stick, Mademoiselle," he said gently.

The agate eyes sparkled with delight.

"How good of you! But why call me Mademoiselle? I am Marie. Oh, look at the beautiful red flowers!"

The glowing trail of weed she pointed to lay stranded at the sea-brink one moment. The next wave might snatch it back into the treasury of Ocean. The King sprang towards the prize and snatched it up as the wave broke and hissed about his little white ankles. Then he brought the long scarlet trail in triumph back to Marie.

"Hold my hat and stick!" she said impudently. Then, with a few deft thrusts and turns, she made a wreath of the seaweed and set it on her rebellious curls, and looked at him, smiling, crowned with the fantastic splendour. He knew there were no such things as fairies out of childish books, but if Marie had spread gossamer wings and taken flight he would hardly have been surprised. "I will make you a crown, too," she said, with a little, gurgling laugh, "and then we can play at being a King and Queen. Come, let us look for more of the red flowers!"

But the King held back.

"Crowns are not made of seaweed or of flowers—at least, those that are worn by Kings," he said. "They are of heavy metal, and hurt the head."

"They are of gold and jewels," cried Marie, tossing her lovely head. "As though I did not know that! I wanted to make-believe, and you will not help me. We could have built a palace out of sand, and played at reigning over a kingdom together."

The King's face grew grave and earnest.

"Mademoiselle, we are too young to reign. There is the minority, during which a Regent occupies the throne. If you were a Queen, you would not be allowed to play at reigning. You would study under your governors and tutors almost all the time, so that you should know how to reign in earnest when the time came. You would—"

But Marie, looking into the anxious face, burst into a delighted giggle.

"You are such a solemn little boy!" she cried, when she could speak. "Of course, it must be very stupid, all that; but I am not a Queen, nor are you a King, so it does not matter!" She shrugged her pretty shoulders.

The King realised that, to this dazzling little creature—a commoner herself—he, too, was a commoner. The incognito he relished; it was intolerable to be called a solemn little boy. He caught his breath, and began eagerly—

"Mademoiselle—"

"Call me Marie."

"Marie, I do amuse myself. There are many things . . . military manœuvres, evolutions, ceremonies, and so on, that interest me." His dreamy eyes brightened. "Sometimes, early in the morning—before lessons begin—I stand at the open window when they are changing the guard in the Pal—in the courtyard. And I listen to the music and watch the movements of the soldiers, and if one has burnished his breastplate badly or buckled his belt awry, I send for the officer, and the man is punished, for soldiers should obey the Regulations."

Marie clapped her hands.

"Go on, go on!" she cried. "Just now, you said you didn't believe in fairies, and now you are telling a fairy-tale. You are the very queerest little boy! You sending for the officer! Oh, do go on! Make up more!"



[Drawn by Phil May.]

IN THE AMERICAN BAR.

IMPATIENT CUSTOMER: Now, waiter, look sharp with that cocktail!

WORRIED WAITER: Excuse me, Sir; but are you a "Strike-me-dead" or a "Corpse-reviver"?

"I will go on, but I do not make up," the boy said. He pointed to a rock with an overhanging canopy fringed with algae. "Let us sit down."

"It looks just like a throne!" Marie threw herself down upon the sun-warmed stone. "Sit here at my feet," she commanded. And the King obeyed. He looked at the bare, brown, tiny feet.

"I will tell you something else since you wish it. Last Maundy Thursday, I washed the feet of twelve old men and twelve old women—"

The proud little nostrils dilated with disgust.

"Oh! That is a horrid story!"

"No; it is true—quite true! It was at the Cathedral of San Ignacio. The Cardinal-Archbishop held the silver basin, and there was a solemn Mass. I gave the people new clothing and food; salted fish and ham and cheese, a dole of so much to each, besides gold and silver in little crimson bags. It is the Royal offering. Then, the next day, came the Royal pilgrimage. The whole Court, dressed in deep mourning, goes out on foot to visit all the churches in the city, led by the King and Queen. Whether it rains or hails, it would be the same. This year it rained. My mother said, when I showed her how the wet dripped off my sleeve, 'My son, the Monarch of Monarchs went shelterless in all weathers that our souls might find shelter through Him. Shall the King of Ibera grumble, then, at a few drops of rain?'"

"The King of Ibera!" Marie, who had thrown herself almost at full-length upon her rock, sat up with a sudden accession of primness.

"The King of Ibera? I know all about him."

"Pardon, Mademoiselle; I think not," said the King.

Marie screamed with laughter.

"Oh, you stiff, stiff, poky little prig! Must nobody know anything but yourself?"

The King rose, very pale, and took off his cap.

"Mademoiselle Marie, you are unjust, and, what is nearly as bad, you are rude, and I will leave you." He bowed and turned away, but a sob broke from him, and the blue eyes brimmed with tears that were sternly kept back. Marie jumped up.

"Come back!" She stamped one small, rosy foot imperiously, then uttered a shriek of pain, for a spiny, dried sea-apple had punished the poor foot severely. The King forgot his resentment, and ran back to her.

"Ah, the horrid, nasty, spiky thing!" she cried, and hurled the echinus from her vengefully. Then she sat down, and the King knelt beside her. The wounded foot was solemnly inspected.

"It bleeds," said Marie, with quivering lips, as a tiny, bright-red bead followed the withdrawal of a prickle.

"I am so, so sorry! I wish I knew what to do to make it well."

"At home . . . they would kiss it," suggested Marie, with demurely dropped lashes.

"I will kiss it if you wish. Do you wish me, truly?"

She nodded, catching her breath, between a whimper and a giggle, as the boy stooped his fair head and touched the pink foot with his pale lips.

"It is nicer than kissing the beggars' feet, as I did at San Ignacio," he said as he rose.

"I am tired of that make-believe. Don't do it any more," ordered Marie. "I prefer to talk about myself for a little. Once, I ran away from the Schloss—"

"Where is the Schloss?"

"At home, in Germany. . . ."

"So you are German? I'm sorry," said the King pensively.

"Germans are nice. Why are you sorry?"

"Oh, because . . . Tell me why you ran away?"

"I was tired of my *gouvernante*, Madame von Bern. . . . I wanted to go to school with the village children. So I ran away. . . . I got to the school just as they began to sing. The schoolmaster got so red in the face when I walked in and took my place with the other children, and joined in—as loud as I could. But Gretchen, Papa's head-bailiff's little girl, didn't seem pleased. . . . She came and pulled me by the sleeve and said, 'Highness, it is unbecoming that the daughter of a Prince should sing about going to the Himmel with the village *Kinder*.' And then a carriage drove up and my *gouvernante* rushed in like mad and carried me away. And they—but I won't tell you how they punished me."

The King was silent. Then he asked—

"But why did the head-bailiff's little girl say 'A Prince's daughter?'"

"Because Papa is a Prince, goose!"

"It is not like a Princess," said the King, "to call names."

"Do you know any other Princesses?" said Marie with some hauteur. The King smiled.

"There are my sisters, Sofia and Estevana."

"And don't they ever call names?"

"Never! It would not be etiquette."

"Sofia and Estevana," repeated Marie. "Such odd names! . . . What is your name?" she added, as an after-thought.

"Carlos Eduardo Cristiano Godofredo," the King enumerated obediently.

"Mine is Marie Sophie Charlotte, but I don't believe you are really called Carlos Eduardo, and all the rest," said Marie. "The name belongs to somebody else quite different—somebody who really is what you played at being just now." Her eyes grew dreamy. "They say he is a beautiful boy, and that one of these days . . . What? Are you really going? Why?"

For the King, with a clouded aspect, had risen to his feet.

"Mademoiselle, you doubted my honour just now. You said you did not believe me!"

"About the name?" Marie dimpled into smiles. "Don't be cross, but come back and sit by me again. Of course, more people than one may be christened by the same name. Tell me, why don't you call me Marie? I said you were to!"

The admission came.

"Because I don't like Marie, or Sophie, or Charlotte. It is a secret why not?"

"Tell me!" cried Eve, leaning over and taking hold of the crimson sash. Then, as the King moved nearer, she rubbed her round, velvet cheek against the shoulder of the linen blouse, repeating, "Tell me!"

The King, yielding, held down his chin and bashfully whispered into the chestnut curls, "Because the Government and the People say that I am to marry her when I grow up."

"Oh, you story!—at least, I didn't mean that! Perhaps your Marie Sophie Charlotte is another girl?"

"She is the Hereditary Princess of Hochwitz-Altenlied," said the King sadly. "I am to marry her when I grow up," he repeated. "It is for reasons of State, and I must do my duty." He put his arm round Marie's waist, and pressed his pale cheek against the chestnut curls. "But I had rather marry you, dear!"

But Marie pushed his arm away, and sat regarding him quite sternly.

"You are telling another of those things you don't like to be accused of telling," she said, "and you make me sorry I apologised just now. For my Papa is the Hereditary Prince of Hochwitz-Altenlied, and I am his only child—so there! And presently, when I am old enough, I am to make an alliance with Carlos Eduardo Cristiano Godofredo, King of Ibera. And I don't think you as nice as I did, and I am going to look for my *gouvernante*. I was never left alone so long in all my life before!"

"Oh, Marie!" pleaded the King. "Oh, Marie! 'Alone,' when you're with me!"

Marie relented, and moved a little nearer.

"What pretty curls!" she said, and put up her hand and stroked them. "Tell me your real, true name, and I won't be angry any more. I should like to know it," she added, "to remember you by when I go away back to the Schloss; for I haven't anyone to play with except the Herr Cancellarius' little girl, and she's a stupid-head. I'm tired of her. I'm tired of everything they let me do, and all the other things that seem as if they would be interesting are 'unbecoming a Princess.' I daresay it's 'unbecoming a Princess' to be sitting like this, with my head on the shoulder of a boy I never saw before."

"No, dear," said the King.

"They would say so," asserted the Princess.

"Not if they knew that I was the King of Ibera!" said Carlos proudly, and kissed Marie upon the cheek. She doubted no more.

"How queer, our meeting like this!" she said, leaning her cheek to his.

The children looked in each other's eyes. In the background, behind a conveniently situated rock-buttress of gigantic size, penetrated with loopholes suitable for spying purposes, a lady and gentleman of middle-age, dignified appearance, and lofty manners, who from this vantage had been witnesses of the meeting, exchanged a significant glance.

"The plan succeeds beyond dreaming!" ejaculated the lady, who was the Princess's *gouvernante*, the Baroness von Bern. "The Prince of Hochwitz-Altenlied will be overjoyed!"

"And Her Majesty the Queen of Ibera," said the King's governor, Professor Don José Alejandro de Sanchez Pachilla, "will be enchanted when I inform her that the conduct of His Majesty during this trying interview, the fruit of so much correspondence, anxiety, and diplomacy, has been in no way unbecoming to a King."

TO MY IDEAL.

Sweet, sweet Lucille! My bosom's choicest pearl!
My heart's delight! In fact—to put it terser—
My Sweetheart dear! Why could we not, my girl,
In wedlock meet—for better or for worse?
For you, at least, were true—as you were stately,
Unchanging and unchanged—as I grew gray,
Quite different to some that very lately
I've met and loved—or thought I did—for aye.

You, sweet Lucille, were always inexpensive;
You never said you'd like to see a play—
Which (as my fortune isn't too extensive)
Seemed nicer far than if I had to pay.
You never wanted dresses or a fichu,
Each (as I know) one farthing short of gold;
You were in fancy everything I'd wish you,
Also in fact—which isn't often told.

Sweet, sweet Lucille! (I never knew your surname):
I call you this because it's rather nice;
Better than Polly—which, you know, is her name—
The girl who holds me fast in Hymen's vice.
Of you alone my dreams have long consisted,
Though from my gaze you ever have been hid;
Happy my lot if you had but existed,
Though (save in fancy, dear) you never did!

A. S.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

"THE MUMMY AND THE HUMMING-BIRD," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

THE Mummy is Lord Lumley, a middle-aged Peer with a passion for chemistry and a beautiful young wife: the Humming-Bird is a rascally Italian, named D'Orelli, with no morals and an insufferable conceit. It is hard to understand how any woman could stand Signor D'Orelli for a moment; but Lord Lumley is so very absent-minded and so careless of the duties of a husband that he allows Lady Lumley's birthday to pass unnoticed, and even forgets to dress for dinner. The result is that the young wife is driven, in spite of her love for her husband, into the society of the Italian, and is, to a certain extent, attracted by his literary abilities and power of uttering graceful compliments; while his Lordship, staying at home, takes pity on Giuseppe, an Italian organ-grinder, gives him a dinner, and discovers from him unpleasant things about D'Orelli's past, for Giuseppe has followed him to England to kill him. Lord Lumley does not tell his wife what he has discovered, because he feels that he has not sufficient evidence, but he forbids her to meet the man. She indignantly refuses to obey, and, with an outburst of passion, goes late at night to the rooms of D'Orelli, who has been confidently expecting her. But, once there, she realises the enormity of what she is doing, and refuses to fly with him, because, as she tells him, it is not right. Lord Lumley, who has followed her, plays with D'Orelli by relating to him as a story the actual facts and asking his advice as to how it should end, and gives her an opportunity of escaping, like Lady Windermere, from behind a curtain while the Italian's back is turned. She, in remorse at her husband's generosity, goes next morning to Paris, leaving a note of her address. D'Orelli finds the note, conceals it, and taunts the husband with the fact that she has fled from him, till the tables are turned by Lord Lumley's discovering, through Giuseppe, where she really is, and pretending that he is, by arrangement, to join her there at once. In Paris, Lady Lumley returns, repentant, to her husband, and is allowed to see D'Orelli in his true character as a despicable coward, and all ends happily, Lord Lumley undertaking, presumably, to spend less time in the study of chemical problems, and D'Orelli being left to escape from Giuseppe as he best may.

This is the story of Mr. Isaac Henderson's play. Mr. Wyndham, as Lord Lumley, has a part which gives him excellent opportunities for quiet humour and for passionate indignation; and Miss Lena Ashwell, as his wife, acts with the power which made her Mrs. Dane such a notable study. Mr. Robert Taber plays the wicked foreigner as wicked foreigners are always played; and Mr. William Devereux, as Giuseppe, is excellent; while Miss Mary Moore, as Lord Lumley's niece, gives good advice to everybody and has several clever things to say.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

On Wednesday the Leeds Festival opened with "The Messiah," but, if the programme suggested by the Committee of selecting special works to represent the nineteenth century had been followed, Mendelssohn's "Elijah" would have been more appropriate, his sacred masterpiece coming nearer to that of Handel than any other. The singing of the chorus (entirely drawn from Leeds and its vicinity this year) did not compare with the previous choir in volume and richness of tone, but, generally, one can speak with commendation of the chorus in regard to execution. The soloists were Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Ethel Wood, Miss Ada Crossley, and Messrs. Ben Davies and Andrew Black. Mr. Ben Davies sang the Passion music with great feeling, and he was fortunate in being in excellent voice. Mr. H. A. Fricker presided at the organ. The rendering of the oratorio was, upon the whole, satisfactory, the solos particularly so.

In the evening Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's latest production, "The Blind Girl of Castel Cuillé," was performed. The composer, who made such a "hit" with "Hiawatha," again chose his libretto from Longfellow, but, it must be confessed, with less success than he met with in his setting of the Indian poem. This, in some measure, checked the young composer's inspiration. Hence it is doubtful if "The Blind Girl" will enjoy the popularity of "Hiawatha." The cantata lasted only an

hour, but it was felt to be wearisome, owing to its undramatic character. The poetry of Jasmin is simple in the extreme, and Longfellow's version makes the weakness of the original still more evident. Nobody cared for the heroine, who has but one dramatic incident—that where she follows her rival, Angela, with a dagger. The narrative form of the libretto caused the composer no little difficulty, and, evidently feeling that he could not impart strength to the score, he had recourse to the drum, trombone, and other noisy instruments, but without producing the effect required. The cantata will sustain the composer's musical reputation, but will not increase it; but we must lay the entire blame on his libretto. The performance was a good one. Madame Albani, though not in her best voice, strove bravely to help Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, who was called to the front at the close. He conducted, and kept the orchestra under admirable control. Mr. Andrew Black sang with great skill, and the chorus deserved unqualified praise.

MR. JOHN COATES.

Mr. John Coates was, I believe, first discovered by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, who chose him to sing his setting of Rudyard Kipling's song at the Alhambra. But Mr. Coates made a great advance when he appeared in Dr. Stanford's opera, "Much Ado About Nothing," at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden.

The young and promising tenor acquitted himself so well that his future success was taken as a matter of course, and people have often expressed surprise that he has not appeared more frequently. But, unfortunately, we have no permanent English Opera, and it is very difficult for a young vocalist to make way. Mr. Coates has had offers of engagements at home and abroad, and he sang in Germany with considerable success. He is a good actor as well as a competent singer, and when I heard him in Dr. Stanford's opera I felt convinced that a brilliant career was in store for him. His voice is of excellent quality and large compass. He produces it from the chest, and avoids falsetto and other tricky methods of producing effect. He has been singing in the miscellaneous portion of the Leeds Musical Festival, and, I hear, with no little success. Those who remember Mr. Coates in "Much Ado" have great faith in his future career, he being gifted with a beautiful voice and ample cultivation. He has since appeared with success in Italian Opera at Covent Garden.

MISS MABEL LOVE.

The "Spirit of Champagne" is incarnate in the person of the pretty Miss Mabel Love as she appears in "The Whirl of the Town," at the re-decorated and beautiful Century Theatre. Her dance is certainly one of the features of the piece, and she is rapturously applauded for her contribution to the programme, though it is over-short. As one glass of champagne serves only to whet the appetite for another, so

Miss Love's single dance suggests that it might be encored in the second Act with no diminution of pleasure to the audience, which notes the grace with which she skips from burlesque to pantomime and in and out of serious plays, for it is not so very long ago that she was acting with Mr. Tree at Her Majesty's.

MISS NINA KING.

The charming lady, Miss Nina King, whose portrait is presented in this issue, is, like a great many other charming ladies, of Hibernian extraction. From Miss King's earliest histrionic ventures, namely, with Mr. Willard, at the Garrick, it was speedily seen that, as much by her artistic intensity as by her brightness and beauty, she would become of great use on the stage, especially in the better class of drama, such as the erewhile Adelphi produced for so many years and mostly with such success. Indeed, Miss King was soon snapped up for that historic house, making her powerful successes there in Messrs Seymour Hicks and Fred G. Latham's strong Naval drama, "With Flying Colours."

That old Princess's success, namely, Messrs. Sims and Shirley's enormously popular adaptation,

"TWO LITTLE VAGABONDS,"

will be revived at the Princess's next Monday with a strong cast, including Miss Sydney Fairbrother as the poor waif, Wally. This affecting piece is still run by its original English promoters, Mr. James M. Hardie and his charming and business-like wife, Sara von Leer.



MR. JOHN COATES, THE FINE TENOR WHO HAS BEEN SCORING SUCCESSES AT THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey's multitudinous admirers on this side of the Atlantic will rejoice to hear that, according to cablegrams just to hand, he has achieved a tremendous success on the other shore of the said ocean. Mr. Hawtrey opened in that delightful play, "A Message from Mars," and appears to have forthwith captured All New York.

The first of the threatened "Sherlock Holmes" travesties to appear in public will evidently be one entitled

"SHEERLUCK JONES;

or, Why D'Gillette Him Go?" This is, I learn, to be produced by Mr. Yorke Stephens at Terry's a few days hence by way of after-piece to the new play, "A Tight Corner." The first "Sherlock Holmes" travesty to be mentioned in print was one by Mr. H. Chance Newton and named in *The Sketch* many months ago. Unlike the parody in preparation at Terry's, Mr. Newton's skit is not to any appreciable extent bound up with the melodrama concocted by Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Gillette.

The latest dramatisation of Victor Hugo's powerful romance, "Notre Dame de Paris," successfully tried at the Islington Grand last week under the somewhat strange title of

"THE SHADOW DANCE,"

is being enacted this week at Mr. E. G. Saunders's fine new Camden Theatre. The adaptation has been skilfully made for Mr. Charles Cartwright by the well-known suburban melodramatist, Mr. Ben Landeck, who, with Mr. Arthur Shirley, wrote that perennial drama, "Tommy Atkins." With, perhaps, the exception of Andrew Halliday's powerful Adelphi adaptation called "Notre Dame," "The Shadow Dance" is the best stage-version of Hugo's great story seen within the memory of living playgoers. Mr. Landeck has not only retained all Hugo's powerful situations, but he has worked up to them dramatically, leading up to several highly effective "curtains." Mr. Cartwright, always an intense and artistic actor, makes, as the hunchback Quasimodo, the biggest "hit" he has made for years. He is ably aided by his promising daughter, Miss Edith Cartwright, as Esmeralda, Mr. E. O'Neill as Claude Frollo, Mr. Rupert Lister as Phœbus, Mr. Michael Dwyer as Chopin, the Beggar King, and especially by that merry and melodious actor-tenor, Mr. Joseph Tapley, as the strolling ballad-monger, Gringoire. "The Shadow Dance," which is beautifully and picturesquely mounted, is lavishly supplied with delightfully written vocal and saltatorial musical numbers by that clever young Greek composer, Mr. Napoleon Lambalet.

A NEW THEATRE FOR TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Many visitors to dear old Tunbridge Wells have, doubtless, thought it was time that this otherwise well-equipped resort possessed an up-to-date theatre to take the place of the mere "Hall" which has had to serve for any incoming players since the old Tunbridge Wells Theatre faded into nothingness over half-a-century ago. Evidently certain local folk as well as visitors began to hold a similar opinion as to the need of that kind of "well-regulated theatre" which Sir Henry Irving holds to be so essential a factor in our civilisation. Thus, a few days ago, it became necessary for a *Sketch* man to betake himself to the famous City of the Pantiles in order to see Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the local Mayor (Mr. W. H. Delves), and Mr. Fred Horner, M.P. (Chairman of the Company), each lay a foundation-stone towards a new and lovely theatre and opera-house designed by Mr. J. P. Briggs. This function with regard to the projected playhouse aroused great local interest—despite certain theological opposition—the said interest being marked by the exhibition of multitudinous flags and banners, the playing of many a local band, the erection of what in this case may certainly be called

A TREE-UMPHAL ARCH,

and the orating of many congratulatory speeches, chiefly by Mr. Tree (who dropped in many a happy hit), Mr. Fred Horner (with a Beerbohm Tree ballad of his own), Mr. Lionel Brough ("for the ladies"), and so on. The new Tunbridge Wells Theatre, unlike the old barn-like ditto ditto, will be a thing of beauty and a joy for—as long as it lasts.

MISS LILLIAN DUNDAS,

a portrait of whom is published herewith, is a handsome and clever young actress who, albeit yet young, has already contributed much excellent work to the stage. Her present histrionic efforts are being utilised in a new drama, written by Mr. Frederick Melville, and now being performed, under the title of "In a Woman's Grip," at the vast Standard Theatre, Shoreditch. In this fitful but certainly forceful melodrama, Miss Dundas impersonates a poor

damsel who is at first betrayed and deserted, next charged with the murder of her own father (a deed, of course, committed by her betrayer for his private ends), next condemned for life to a convict prison (from which she escapes), and, lastly, about to be vivisected by a



MISS LILLIAN DUNDAS, WHO PLAYS A TRIPLE PART IN A NEW MELODRAMMA AT THE STANDARD, ENTITLED "IN A WOMAN'S GRIP."

Photo by Thorne, North Shields.

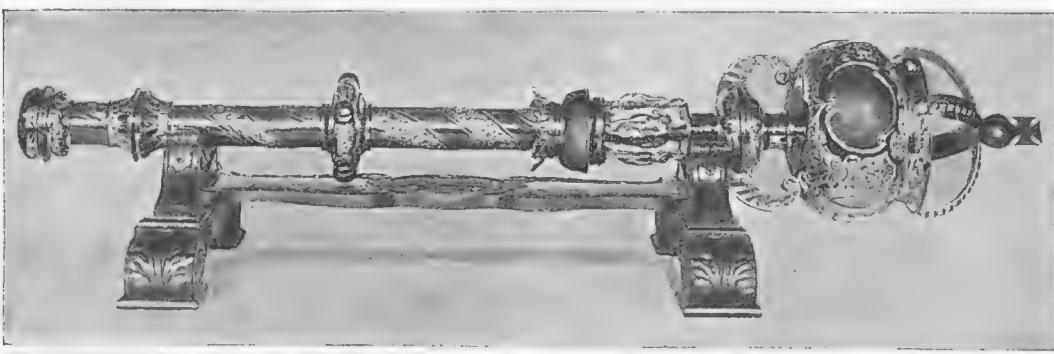
mad doctor in league with her betrayer. This long-suffering and terribly trying "lady lead" is so powerfully acted by Miss Dundas that we shall doubtless see her at the West-End.

"GRETN GREEN," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

It would not be easy to find a brighter or prettier entertainment than "Gretna Green," the latest production of the Alhambra. I am at a loss to find a name for the piece: it is not ballet, and is distinctly too well done to be confounded with modern comic opera; but, after all, a name is not a great matter, and the piece can be set down as "Gretna Green" without further qualification. We are presented to the blacksmith (Mr. Colquhoun) who forged matrimonial as well as other fetters; he must have been a relation to the famous harmonious blacksmith of our school-days, if not the same person. He it is who takes compassion upon the lovers of the play, Miss Ruth Davenport, who has a beautiful horse to ride and at least one pretty song to sing, and Mr. Lytton Grey, who makes us regret that eighteenth-century costume for men is lost outside the theatre. A company of mummers serve to introduce us to our old friends Punch and Judy—how the little ones will welcome them in the Christmas holidays!—and to Edith Slack, Pattie Ryder, and Charles Raymond, who have very little to do, much to my regret, and doubtless to theirs as well. Tim, the post-boy, and Dolly, the waitress, in the persons of Fred Farren and Miss Lily Bircham, have a spirited dance that is quite one of the best items in the piece; and, when the story is told, Signor Carlo Coppi has a few short moments to show us what he can do in the way of genuine ballet *divertissement*.

THE ST. PANCRAS MACE.

This superb production, which is of massive solid silver, richly water-gilt, is constructed in a style absolutely unique. Four female figures, illustrating Authority, Commerce, Prudence, and Temperance, each being of original conception, serve to support the head of the mace. The manufacture of the mace, after keen competition between some of the most renowned London firms, was entrusted to Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of 220, Regent Street, W., and 66, Cheapside, and Sheffield.



THE ST. PANCRAS MACE, PRESENTED BY MR. ALDERMAN HORATIO GRECE REGNART.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Coming Winter Season—A Few Hints on the Storage of Machines—General Sir Redvers Buller and the Military Cyclist—A Bewildering Pronouncement—The Forthcoming Shows—Cycling for the Elderly.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Oct. 16, 6.4; Thursday, 6.1; Friday, 5.59; Saturday, 5.57; Sunday, 5.55; Monday, 5.53; Tuesday, 5.51.

Many cyclists will now be putting their machines away for the winter months, particularly those who are rather timorous of braving wet or snowy roads or the chill blasts which are to be expected in the near future. In order that the bicycle shall be in good trim when it is once more required for fair-weather riding, a little care is needed in the matter of its storage. It should not be carelessly put on one side in some stable or outside shed, where damp may produce the rust which will eat away the plating and enamelling, injure the delicate ball-races, and, in short, depreciate the machine in value by many pounds.

The bicycle should, if possible, be stored in a spare- or box-room which is perfectly dry, and should be suspended by a rope, or ropes, attached to staples in a beam. This preserves the tyres, which would crack at the point of contact with the floor if allowed to remain on the ground. Before storing, all the nickel-plated parts should be carefully brushed over with vaseline, and the bearings and chain carefully cleaned from mud or dust. Each bearing and each link of chain should be oiled. If the machine is hung up, the tyres may be deflated and the valve-plug removed; this will prevent the rubber sleeve of the valve becoming fixed or perished. If the machine cannot be hung up, under no circumstances should the tyres be allowed to go flat; they are bound to crack at the sides if they so remain. Many cyclists think that it is harmful to tyres to have them fully inflated. The reverse is the case; the harder the tyre is, whether in use or at rest, the better for it.

General Sir Redvers Buller's condemnation of the military cyclist has naturally caused consternation amongst the large numbers of Volunteer military wheelmen of the country. Coming at a time when all the military authorities of Continental nations have approved of and adopted the cycle as an important addition to every infantry regiment, the pronouncement is as bewildering as it is dogmatic in its terms. At the same time, I do not think that General Buller's denunciation of the cycle need be taken very seriously. A stickler for military etiquette, a firm believer in running an Army by schedule and rote, Sir Redvers' career has never shown that he is partial to innovations or that he has been tempted to any experiment not hall-marked by the approval of the compilers of the Army Manual.

The military cyclists of this country labour under many disadvantages. The very qualification which is the *raison d'être* for the existence of such a body is almost overlooked by the military authorities—that is, expertness in riding. The authorities, in fact, have aimed at making the soldier-cyclist a soldier first and a cyclist afterwards. They have

insisted upon him carrying a heavy rifle, they have clothed him in a garb which is quite unsuited for cycling, and they have looked at him all along as only another item in the food-for-powder ranks—a mere machine. Time after time the cyclist has proved his ability to cover more than twice the distance possible to a horseman in a given time. There is no cavalry regiment in existence which can cover one hundred miles in a day, yet cyclists in bodies, and in spite of a heavy and absurd equipment, have achieved this time after time. The South African Campaign, for the first time in the military history of Britain, has shown the necessity for mobility and despatch, so that, under these circumstances, General Buller's declaration smacks more of the humorous than the serious.

In a month's time the two annual Exhibitions of bicycles will be held in London—the "Stanley Show," as it is called, at the Agricultural Hall, and the "National Show" at the Crystal Palace. Both will be mammoth Exhibitions, and though, as I have before hinted in these pages, there may not be anything startling in the way of inventions, the Shows will be brilliant functions. As before, the Exhibitions will be held simultaneously from Nov. 22 to 30 inclusive. It is a great pity that bicycle-manufacturers are divided against themselves and that it is impossible to have a representative Exhibition under one roof each year. There is no necessity for two Shows, and to the casual cyclist the whole thing is a mystery. It has all come about through the disagreement some years ago of the big Midland manufacturers and the promoters of the Stanley Show. The schism which came about has been maintained for some years, to the confusion of the public and annoyance of individual buyers.

I anticipate that at the forthcoming Shows the cyclist will find that he is much better catered for than ever before. The prices of machines are absurdly low, as it is, and cycle-manufacturers have keenly felt the stress of strenuous competition. Yet the bigger houses are preparing themselves, not to reduce prices, but to give even better value for money than before. Great interest will be taken in the motor-bicycle, which has undoubtedly come to stay; while there will

undoubtedly be many varieties and innovations in the free-wheel gear which has become so popular among all classes of cyclists.

When is one too old to cycle? This is a question which is often asked, while there are many middle-aged persons who, looking with envious eyes upon the cycling enjoyment of young people, condemn themselves as being too old to learn. Unlike most other athletic pastimes, cycling knows no age-limit and can be pursued with equal facility and pleasure by young or old. I have frequently heard the expression, "Bicycles were not in vogue when I was a young man, and I'm too old to commence riding now." When it is considered that the late Major Knox Holmes was breaking cycling records when close upon eighty years of age; and that the cycle is prescribed by the medical faculty as an aid to health and strength in one's declining years, it must be assumed that cycling offers many benefits to those who are unable to undertake even ordinary exercise. R. L. J.



MISS DORA BARTON, RECENTLY SEEN IN "SWEET AND TWENTY," AT THE VAUDEVILLE, AND NOW ON TOUR.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Newmarket. The Second October Meeting at Newmarket is a pleasant fixture if the weather is fine, and the majority of the chief patrons of the Turf foregather at headquarters during the Cesarewitch week. The absence of Royalty is bound to have a deterrent effect on the attendance this week, but I hear of several house-parties being held in the vicinity of the town and some big shoots are on the tapis. Colonel Harry McCalmont, M.P., who is, I am glad to hear, safe and sound after fighting for his country in South Africa, preserves largely on the Cheveley estate. The Earl of Ellesmere, too, provides good shooting for his guests at Stetchworth, and Captain Machell kills a big bag of game at Kennet. But the show-place of the district for partridges and pheasants is, of course, Six-Mile Bottom, known to all travellers by train from Cambridge to Newmarket. It is, I should say, the best partridge-drive in the whole country, while hares are as plentiful as sheep. I would pause here to add that, despite the game, the land is well and properly cultivated, and it is one of the cleanest places to be met with in the county of Cambridgeshire. I expect, therefore, that the rabbits are kept down. This is as it should be.

The Cesarewitch. The market over the Cesarewitch has been of the blanc-mange order. It has vacillated from the time the weights appeared, and it is little matter for wonder at prudent speculators declining to deal. Indeed, I am told that the volume of business done on the long handicap has been microscopic compared with that of former years. Eleventh-hour chops-and-changes in big handicaps of late have been disastrous to ante-post speculators, who have, at last, come to the conclusion that 10 to 1 with a run is better than 20 to 1 without one. It is more than likely that the race this week will be won by the horse starting absolute first-favourite, and, if pride of place in the market is held by Sinopi, he would as nearly as possible win. John Porter trains a useful colt in Mannlicher, who, by-the-bye, requires resolute handling, which he should get with G. McCall in the saddle. A very likely

animal to get a place is Rougemont, trained by the brothers Taylor at Manton. The son of Exile II. has been in long work for some time, and he is said to have improved at least fourteen pounds. The going at Manton, like that at Beckhampton, is of the soundest. I shall sum up in favour of Sinopi, and shall expect Rougemont to finish in the first three. The Middle Park Plate can be got rid of in a few words, as Game Chick seems to have an easy task in this race.

Inquiries. Occasionally we are notified that an official investigation has taken place into the running of a certain horse or the riding of a certain jockey, but, unless my eyes sadly deceive me, inquiries should be held almost daily over the in-and-out running of some animals on the Turf, and I shall be very surprised if two or three jockeys are not warned off before the end of the season. The Turf Senators should be well versed in all that happens on the racecourse; but, for the benefit of the uninitiated, I will point out that the system of readying is carried on at the present time to perfection in certain quarters. Take any half-dozen winners that have brought money to the 'cute division. You have only to trace the previous running of the horses, and you will find they have been ridden in losing races by one or other of the artistic jockeys. The book proves that it is good business to follow certain horses that have started favourites and lost when ridden by certain jockeys. I accidentally overheard a remark at a race-meeting the other day, something like this: "If I had the information possessed by —, I could make a fortune in a day." Truly, a nice

remark to come to my ears, as I actually had five men employed to do the morning work and the runners alone at this very meeting, and my men send them on their looks and their form alone. However, I have never yet complained, as the book has always in time proved them to have done their duty.

Debts of Honour. It was only the other day that I heard one of our largest bookmakers make the following remark to a client: "My dear boy, I do not care two penny-pieces whether you pay me or not, but I will lay you a thousand pounds to a halfpenny that you made the bet." I need scarcely add that the layer and backer were fast friends before the argument and have been ever since. The bookmaker contended, and rightly so, that the transaction had, so to speak, to go through two hands, his own and that of his clerk, while the backer simply made a note of the transaction on his card—that is, when his memory did not fail him. And that reminds me, one of our biggest professional backers books all his bets on his race-cards, which he files at home and then refers to for his Monday settling each week. It is marvellous the few mistakes that are made, seeing that thousands are lost and won in Tattersall's Ring each week; but it should be borne in mind that, though the bookie may not be able to read or write, he can reckon, while his clerk can be trusted to do the rest. I do not mean to cast a slur on the bookmakers, many of whom are highly educated men, but I do say that the uneducated bookie never makes the mistake of offering 5 to 2 about a 6 to 4 chance, and it is evident always that the mathematical side of his education was not neglected.

Steeplechasing lost a good patron by the death of Lord William Beresford, and the gap in the ranks of owners will be difficult to fill. I do not think the winter sport is ever likely to flourish unless the National Hunt Committee decide to wipe out the whole of the present rules and enact simple laws understood of the people. I could never see why a long rigmarole was necessary when entering a horse for the first time under National Hunt Rules, while the plan under Jockey Club Rules was of the simplest. It is a pity that the winter game could not be carried on under a Sub-Committee of the Jockey Club, and allow the ordinary rules of racing to apply as far

as possible. We should then get the owners of horses over a country, and things would hum on the racecourse the year round. Indeed, I do not see why a Grand National Steeplechase Course could not be laid out on the Race Side at Newmarket. This could easily be done without interfering with the gallops on the flat-race courses. Many members of the Jockey Club bar sport under National Hunt Rules. More's the pity; for, in my opinion, it is the finer sport of the two.

A Suggestion. Why do not the Stewards of the Jockey Club commandeer one of the Metropolitan enclosures and transfer the majority of the fixtures now run at Newmarket to the near neighbourhood of London? It is, no doubt, very nice for the big owners having mansions at Newmarket to go down for a week at a time, but the rank-and-file of racegoers would be better served if the meetings were held nearer home, and I am certain the Jockey Club would make a good thing out of the change. If necessary, three meetings could be held in each year at the headquarters of the Turf, and the balance of the allotted fixtures could be tacked on to those already allowed to one of the Club enclosures near London. Other times, other manners. The Sport of Kings has in this go-ahead country been transformed into the sport of the people, and the Turf Senators should adapt their plans to suit the convenience of the many. Two days' racing in the immediate London district should be possible in each week during the flat season.

CAPTAIN COE.



LORD CADOGAN'S SIDUS (BY ST. SIMON—STAR OF FORTUNE), ONE OF THE FAVOURITES FOR THE CESAREWITCH.

Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

IN July we cosmopolitans say, "Oh, what a treat to leave this arid, dust-ritten, sun-blistered town!" In November, satiated by travel and change, we thank the Fates that beckon us back to the sheltered cosiness of our own fireside. There are new clothes to buy, new fashions to inspect at our favourite dressmaker's, and many



[Copyright.]

A NEW COAT OF FAWN CLOTH AND VELVET.

circumstances besides that combine to alleviate the lot of the Londoner in winter—the theatres, with their new plays and object-lessons in frocks, for one. When I leave these bright autumnal days behind and exchange country air for London vapours next week, it will be some sort of consolation to make what the country cousins call "a round" of the theatres.

Of Mary Moore's gowns in "The Mummy" I have had many enthusiastic commentaries by post from various friends, that always charmingly frocked little lady once more pointing the way of coming clothes by the light and leading of her toilettes in this new play. Then Mr. Tree will be displaying his sinuosities as the ineffable D'Orsay on the 24th, while naughty Becky draws the town at the Prince of Wales's in an evening-gown of the First Empire period which is so mightily becoming that I should not be surprised to see it extensively imitated on occasions this winter. As a matter of fact, French modistes are trying very hard to impose a revival of Directoire and Empire styles on our receptive imaginations. Nor should I marvel greatly if they had a measure of popularity. The flowing lines of these periods are more suited to thin, flat-chested Englishwomen than to the superabundant Parisienne, who looks almost grotesque in a tea-gown, not to mention a more unfettered style.

There has also been some talk about the hideousities of the Second Empire revisiting our more enlightened moons. But the style of those

graceless days would have to be improved out of all recognition before it could be adapted to these. The grace and beauty of a Eugénie de Montijo would rise victorious even above crinoline, voluminously flounced skirts, white stockings, and neatly banded hair. But where would the rank-and-file of Eve's daughters be in such case? Pagoda sleeves, cottage-bonnets, and champagne-bottle shoulders do not represent the advanced youth of to-day any more than would the drooping manners of that Paisley-shawl generation obtain a hearing in these forward, fast, and frantic days.

For day-wear, skirts are to be shorter, or so we are decisively told by tailors who ought to know. But shorter does not mean short, and it should be borne in mind by those about to buy themselves outfits that the long or three-quarter sac-coat which is now an established autumn favourite does not look well with a skirt of merely walking-length. It wants the sweeping lines of the trained garment to show it forth satisfactorily. These kit-kat or three-quarter-length coats are to be a good deal used in sable, mink, caracul, broadtail, and other good furs this winter. They are decidedly expensive luxuries, however, and not for everybody's purse.

Black velvet coats are in for a revival, and these, collared and cuffed with sable or ermine, are equally becoming, and far less costly. Of course, imitations will appear, but cheap fur, I always maintain, is an abomination to the sight, and should be avoided as such. Our housemaids love to go in "stylish" rabbit and catskins, and the pelts of these



[Copyright.]

A CHIC COMBINATION OF ERMINE AND SABLE.

unpretentious beasts should be left to such. Nothing more stamps an ensemble as *déclassée* than the porteraige of cheap and therefore "nasty" fur.

As the weather gets colder, we shall all, I foresee, delight in these warm, rich reds that Fashion as she is spoke in Paris has sent over for our delectation. Ripe, warm reds are the ideal tones for our cold,

grey-toned northern winters, and in the silky-haired, rough-coated zibelline cloths of present wear are particularly effective. Warm tones of brown are also in high favour, and for fair women black-and-white and Wedgwood blue are invariably becoming.

Smart Parisiennes are wearing white cloth gowns sable-trimmed or with other furs variously. Nothing is more charming, and it is one of the drawbacks of our own dear, muddy, sooty, dirty town that white cloth frocks are *défendu* to all except those comfortably placed persons who can afford to buy new garments every week, or thereabouts. I know a woman who invariably draws a pair of white woollen gloves over her white kid or suède when paying calls, and takes them off before going in; otherwise she avers that two pairs daily of white kid gloves would be a necessary London allowance. The same argument would apply to white cloth frocks for London street-wear, unfortunately.

Sales are in the air just now. I hear of people scurrying off to Hampstead Road, where Oetzmann's are disposing of bargains at "prices regardless" — charming little two-fold fire-screens with tapestry panels for 18s. 6d.; "Kenilworth" easy-chairs, with comfort written in every curve, for 23s. 6d.; "Grandsire" couches, with picturesque high-backed outlines, for £5 12s. 6d.; tortoiseshell bamboo hall-seat and umbrella-stand combined for 14s. 9d., and dozens of interesting items besides with which to tempt the crisp Bank of England note out of the family pocket-book. Some bedroom Chesterfield settees, with box-seat and lift-up lids, sound attractive at a modest £3 18s. 6d., and a quaintly shaped bureau of fumigated oak seems cheap at £5 18s. 6d.

Altogether,

Oetzmann's sale appears an occasion which the "great middle-classes" should avail of extensively. To meet the exigencies of those who cannot pay considerable sums at a moment's notice, Oetzmann's have now adopted the system of deferred payments which the *Times* exploited with its Encyclopædia so successfully, and which Mr. Labouchere in *Truth* has advocated as a sensible and satisfactory method when conducted by firms of good standing and stability.

Turning to matters of other metal, I am glad to notice in the *Artist* of September that most elegant and exquisite designs in jewellery are being domesticated in our midst by French artists, whose talents have of late been happily diverted to this much-neglected branch of artistic craftsmanship. Some rings by Dufrène are distinctively the work of a master. A comb by Foliot and a magnificently designed bracelet by Signor Orazi are examples of a new era in jewel-working which

should speedily educate the present generation to an appreciation of better things than those crude designs of uneducated mechanics with which we have been too long familiar.

As jewel-workers who have created a little renaissance of their own, the Parisian Diamond Company may be also gratefully mentioned. A glance at the lace-like delicacy of the designs on this page will instance their art and skill more than a dozen pages of panegyric, and illustrate how far away we have got from the heavy and hideous Early Victorian era when, from ear-rings to shoe-buckles, every ornament was alike graceless and unrefined.

A quality of paper one can write on with ease is a desideratum supplied by Henry Good and Son, the well-known City stationers of Moorgate Street. Their "Royal Parchment" and "The Chafford" high-class note-papers and envelopes are really admirable.

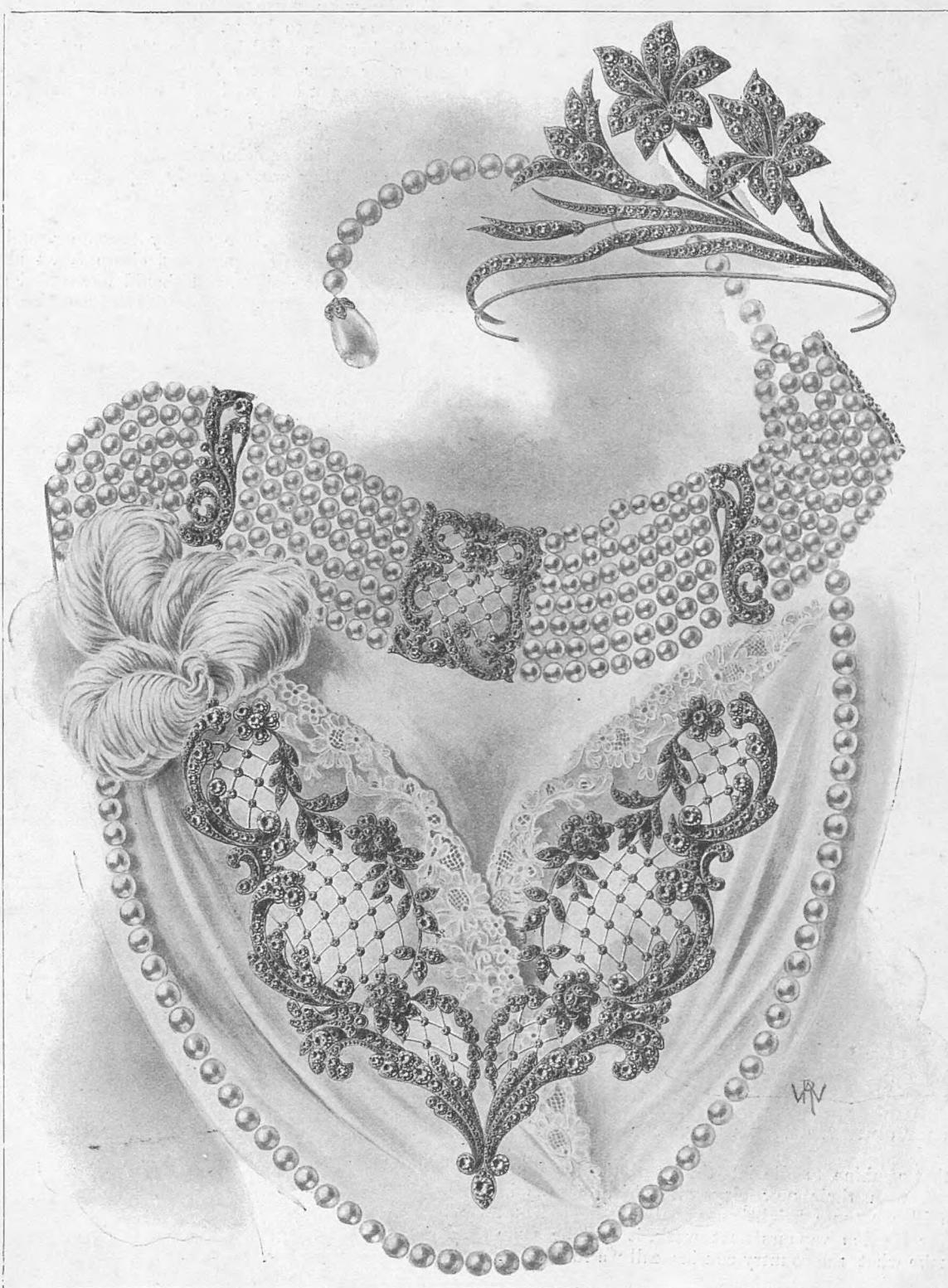
SYBIL.

A capital book for children is "The Green Cat: A Castle-in-the-Air," by S. Ashton (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co., Limited). The illustrations, by Miss Dorothy Furniss, daughter of the celebrated cartoonist, are particularly dainty and humorous.

Very useful to advertisers who wish to extend their business in the provinces will be the neat little booklet issued by Smith's Advertising Agency, 100, Fleet Street. In this pamphlet the whole question of provincial advertising is thrashed out. It is somewhat startling to reflect that there are thirty-seven millions of people to be catered for even when London's vast population has been satisfied.

It is confidently reported in Ireland that the present Viceroy, Earl Cadogan, is to

be the first of King Edward's Dukes; further, that he will assume the title of Duke of Chelsea, in compliment to his large London property, which covers a considerable portion of that picturesque quarter of town dear to so many painters and men of letters. The late Sovereign created only two dukedoms, and she always resisted any effort to induce her to add to the number of wearers of the strawberry-leaves. It remains to be seen whether King Edward shares this prejudice of his venerated mother. Lady Cadogan would make an ideal Duchess, and Lord Cadogan is one of the few Peers whose wealth and whose services are commensurate with such a position. The Viceroy will shortly spend a few days at Balmoral. He generally stays during the autumn months of the year in Scotland, for he is a very keen deer-stalker, a taste which he shares in common with his good-looking sons and with his sons-in-law, Lord Lurgan and Sir Samuel Scott.



DIAMONDS AND PEARLS AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on October 23.

MORE HOPEFUL MARKETS.

WE cannot say that there has been much more business on the Stock Exchange, but there has certainly been a better tone in nearly all markets during the last few days. The truth is that selling has been carried quite far enough in most markets, and very little support at once brightens things up. Bears are proverbially frightened at their own shadows, and the Stock Exchange has been a regular playground for the beasts of late.

SOME COMPANIES INTERESTING AND OTHERWISE.

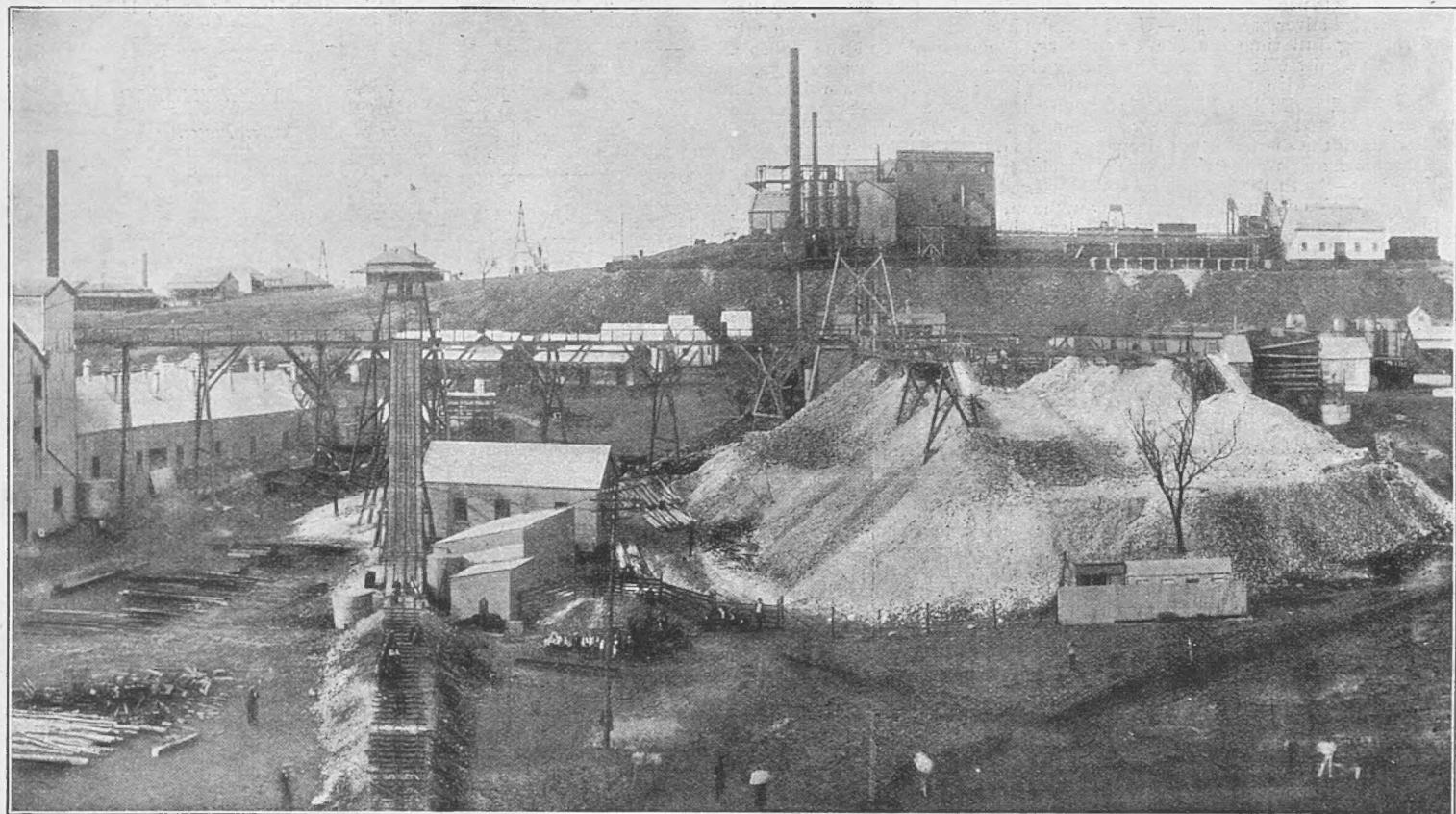
The advice we gave as to Kent Coals has been more than justified already, and Professor Etheridge's report on the core extracted from the bore-hole must be sorry reading for the people who were foolish enough to buy shares on the first blush of the theatrical excitement which Sir Owen Slacke stage-managed the other day. The significant way in which the Kent Coal people avoid coming to close quarters with the seams is very significant.

We have been making a few inquiries about the Linotype Company and the Machinery Trust, and the causes of the recent fall in the price

HOME RAILS.

The torpor of the Home Railway Market is being slightly relieved by the publication of better traffics, although the latest Board of Trade returns do not point to any particularly cheerful signs in the direction of awakening commerce. The speculative Home Railway stocks are somewhat to the fore, owing to the firmness of South-Eastern Deferred—Dover "A." Why it should be valued at anywhere near 62 is a mystery which we do not pretend to understand. No dividend can, by any earthly chance, be paid next February, and it seems more than doubtful whether the 6 per cent. Preferred Ordinary will receive its full interest. The only reason that we can see for stockholders keeping their "Doras" is the great activity prevailing at Dover in connection with the new harbour-works. This must benefit the line to a certain extent—certainly much more than ever the Kent coal trade is likely to do. But, even with the Dover goods traffic to help the Company, South-Eastern Deferred looks a good bear at its present price.

The "Heavies" are gradually approximating to a level at which higher percentages will be secured by investors than has been the case for many years. It looks very much as though the British buyer of Home Rails intends to leave the market alone until he can obtain 4 per cent. on his money. Already this yield may nearly be got from North-Eastern Consols, a stock that is always supposed to return a high percentage because of the erratic character of its traffics. North-Western



THE KALGURLI GOLD-MINE.

of both Company's shares, with no very satisfactory results. Unless rumour is more than usually untrue, it appears that there is serious litigation going on with the Johnston Die Company, and that the Linotype machine is threatened with two considerable rivals in the shape of the Monoline and the Graphotype, the latter of which is said to have solved the difficulty of setting broken pages and to be suitable for high-class printing of the book and magazine kind. Unfriendly critics further allege that the majority of the "stock" which appears in the balance-sheets consists of machines returned from hire, and by no means of the latest pattern.

Although the Welsbach Committee have not yet completed their labours, it is generally expected that the report will be of a nature most unfavourable to the management, and that very drastic measures will be proposed. It is quite impossible, with so large a Committee, that the individual opinions should not leak out, and, in this case, if half the remarks which gossip attributes to various persons express their true feelings, the management will require to be changed root and branch before any improvement can be looked for. "When the capital is cut down to £300,000, the concern may be put on its legs again," is a saying currently attributed to one Committee-man and quoted with approval by another.

The General Meeting of the Gramophone and Typewriter Company was a pleasant function. The net profits amounted to £79,348, all of which had been made out of the gramophone, and sales are still increasing, while the Lambert Typewriter is now ready to be put on the market. That a typewriter of a reliable kind which can be sold for six or seven pounds is badly wanted, everybody knows, and we are not inclined to doubt the Chairman's statement that the inquiries for the Lambert machine have been phenomenal. We know it is a good article.

Consolidated is peculiarly flat upon the misguided policy pursued by the directors of selling Ordinary stock in the market. At to-day's price, "Brum" pays about 3½ per cent. Of Midland and Great Western, the latter seems the more attractive purchase, but buyers of Home Rails must be quite prepared to see lower quotations before their securities advance.

Underground stocks are inanimate, but Central London 4 per cent. Preferred Ordinary stock is still advancing, and our good opinion of its chances for a rise when it stood at 96 are now justified by the price being 106½. On the Deferred stock of the "Twopenny Tube" the market's dividend estimate is between 2 and 3 per cent. Baker Street and Waterloo shares are beginning to be occasionally heard of, and the nominal quote for the £8-paid shares is 6 to 5 discount, which is equal to £2 10s. as a middle price. Both Metropolitan and Metropolitan District stocks are dull, pending the reopening of the postponed arbitration, and the recent rise in Waterloo and City stocks is maintained with difficulty, while City and South Londons are hardly ever mentioned.

IN THE JUNGLE.

Severe as the fall has been in the West African Market, it might easily have proved even worse. The utter lack of support for shares connected with the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa group came as a complete surprise to men who are closely allied with the Old Jewry division. These men, heavily loaded up with shares on their own account and with very large differences to face, dared not venture more deeply into the Jungle, and the bears had everything their own way. So much for the historical part of the late slump.

While the stream of selling orders has ceased, and the market is

taking a short spell of breathing-time, the natural question arises as to whether West Africans are worth buying at their present levels, so ruthlessly reduced from those at which they stood but a few weeks back. Shares were supposed to be cheap then, and, if they were, they are almost doubly so at the moment; it is either that or they are worth practically nothing. We have always taken a very guarded view of the West African Market, but, in answer to numerous queries for the best things to buy in the Jungle, have at various times suggested Taquah and Abosso, British Gold Coast, and Wassaus as being among the most likely shares for marketing purposes, largely because the Goldfields Company appeared to support its own market whenever a Stock Exchange scare plunged the general departments into depression. But the regular support has failed at a most critical juncture, and we are at a complete loss as to the reason why. To those of our readers who look to us for guidance in the matter we would counsel the holding of the shares for the present, since the slump is almost sure to be followed by a smart reaction. They should, however, grasp the opportunity, when it arrives, of clearing out at a small profit.

BROKEN HILL.

The following is a portion of a letter which has reached us from our Broken Hill Correspondent. We are obliged for want of space to hold over the remainder until our next issue—

Broken Hill; Aug. 26, 1901.

The past week gave Broken Hill its first glimmer of sunshine for some months, but Broken Hill has grown so depressed at heart that something more than a glimmer is needed to raise the town's spirits. Lead at £11 10s., speleter at £16 10s., and silver at 2s. 2½d.—Ugh! it's shuddersome. This week, the only mines running full time are the Proprietary, the Central, and the Consols. Block 10 has a shift off; the South has partly closed for ten or fourteen days, to make connections with the new concentrating plant; Block 14 is working with a much-reduced staff; the British is confining itself to exploratory work; the Junction is deserted except for the watchman and two or three others; at the Junction North the shaft is being deepened to the 1050-foot and naught else; the North is fixing up its new surface machinery. Of course, some of the smaller mines—South Blocks, Victoria, White Leads, &c.—are working as usual, but they don't give employment to very many men, all told. The South closing, fortunately, means nothing—it would have been compulsory under any circumstances, even if lead were £20 a-ton. A fortnight hence, at most, and work will be proceeding more merrily than before.

Altogether, the slump has put fifteen hundred to sixteen hundred men out of work on the mines alone; many of these have gone away to other fields, but the town is left with eight hundred to nine hundred unemployed. They will most of them remain unemployed until lead improves; if it falls lower, their ranks will be swelled considerably. For it is an open secret that neither Block 10 nor Block 14 are making a profit as things are. Block 10 fathered a proposal the other week for a reduction of wages to meet the depression, but both the Proprietary and Central looked askance at the idea (it would certainly breed trouble!), and it has been shelved. But if things remain as they are, it must come into force—that cannot be denied. The suggestion most favoured is the adoption of a sliding scale—low wages with low lead and high wages with high lead. Only on some such understanding would the men accept a present reduction, and, as I have explained in previous letters, Labour is top dog in Broken Hill just now. The animal is, however, being badly worried, and threatens to become a rather abject canine ere long. Several of the Labour Party's gods have lately been cast from their pedestals and have been badly cracked in falling. Loud protests have been made against the Party's continued misrule, and the fruit-bearing season is in view. At the present moment, a Supreme Court Judge, six barristers, five or six attorneys, and a score or two of witnesses are engaged in Sydney endeavouring to decide the equity of the Party in imposing abnormal Municipal rates on the mines. If the Council loses the suits (fourteen have been filed against it), its defeat as a power is sure.

At the present time, only the Proprietary, Central (Sulphide Corporation), and South Mines are returning a weekly profit. The position of the first-named is an index to the position of the others. For the six months ending May 31 the price of lead averaged from £13 5s. to £13 10s. per ton. After paying wages, salaries, as well as for coke, coal, timber, &c., a gross profit was left of £102,545. Of this amount it spent £75,562 on the Iron Knob Tramway (which is to carry flux to the Port Pirie smelters), Bellambi coke-works, and other smaller works, and, giving an average of £15,000 of this total to each half-year (being permanent works, they ought not to be charged to the one six months), a net profit of £87,000 is left. The Company produced 2,780,934 oz. silver and 27,869 tons lead. (Also some gold and copper: the zines are still in the tailings.) The silver averaged about 2s. 3½d., or 5d. more than to-day's price; lead to-day is £11 12s. 6d. per ton, or £1 12s. 6d. less than during the November-May six months. This totals about £50,000 difference in prices, roughly—so, on present rates (and they have been lower), the profit on the six months' work would have been reduced to between £35,000 and £40,000.

Saturday, Oct. 12, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

TAR BABY.—The price of the New Lydenbergs is 2s. 6d. to 3s. for the 8s. paid shares, with a fair market. There is not much danger that, if they rose in price, you would not be able to sell; but, if they dropped, it might easily happen.

E. J. B.—The Editor does not think the photograph would be of use to our paper. It is more suitable to the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, whose office is 172, Strand. The ivory (assuming it is in good condition) should be worth from £40 to £50 per hundredweight. The larger the tusks, the better the price. The best way to dispose of what you have would be to write to some good firm of produce-brokers, such as M. G. Hale and Son, 10, Fenchurch Avenue, and they would do the business for you at once.

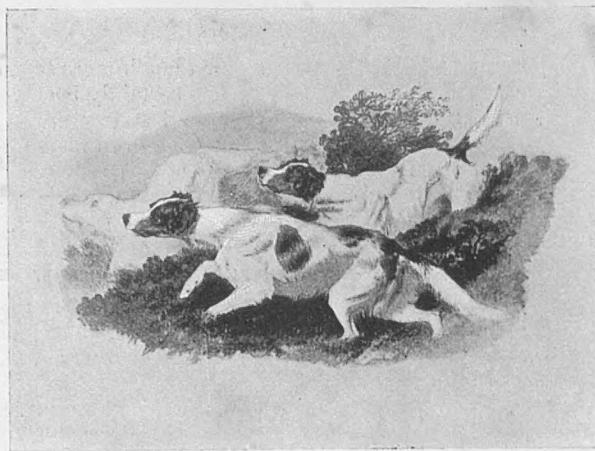
J. T. J.—Your list can hardly be called "safe investments," but the majority are fair trade risks, and may, on an average, improve in value.

AGNES.—(1) This Company went into liquidation some months ago, and you will never get any of your money back. (2) See this week's Notes.

ANTI-GAMBLER.—Your views are interesting, but we have no space to discuss the large questions you raise. The world would be a very dull place with all vices suppressed by Act of Parliament.

M. A. M.—Your letter was answered on the 12th inst.

OUR FINE-ART PLATES.



THE SETTERS.

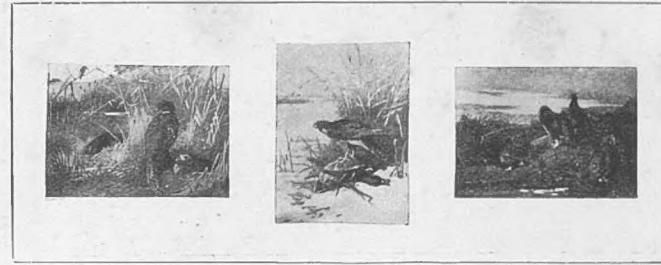
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